MURDER OF DOCTOR CASANOVA

A NEW SERIAL BY
LUCILE ANETEL

Liberty

NOV. 24,
1934

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NOVEMBER 24, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 47

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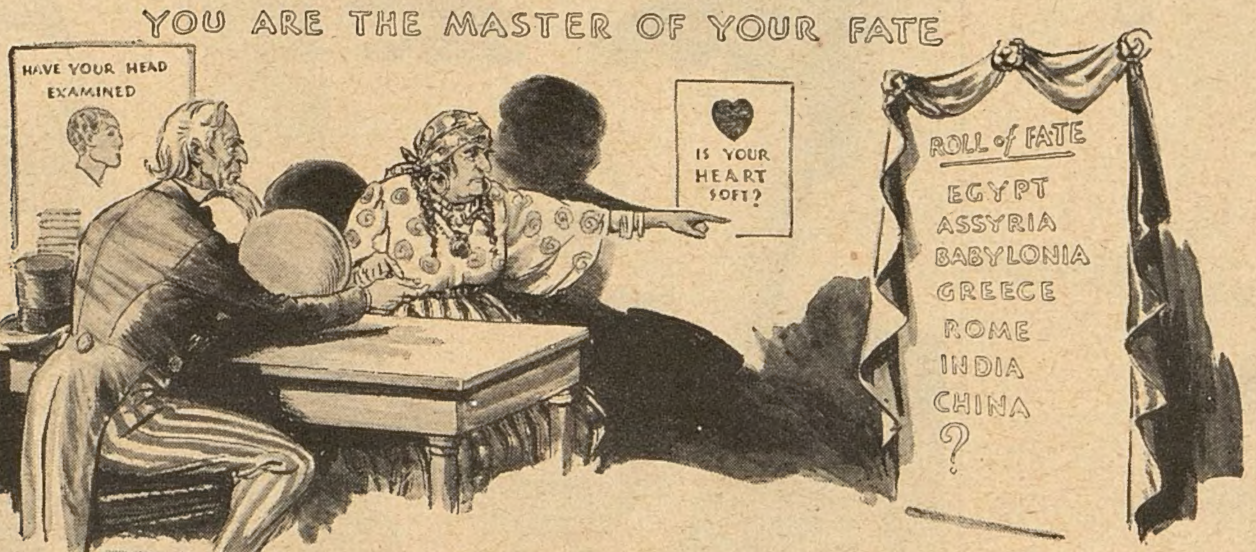
THE POISON OF PACIFISM MAY DESTROY OUR NATION



LULLED into a false sense of security, with many of our people soft and flabby from inactivity or an excess of luxuries, and with the poison of fanatical pacifism blocking our way toward national defense, we are indeed in a menacing situation.

While we are trying to maintain a high moral standard for business men through the minute details of the codes of the NRA, lawlessness flamboyant still stalks throughout our land. To be sure, our extremely efficient United States Attorney-General Cummings is making Herculean efforts to amend this disgraceful condition, and it is to his credit to acknowledge that there is definite improvement in sight. But when one has to deal with the most lawless nation on the face of the earth, where justice is delayed and diverted through every possible technical detail by clever lawyers and at times dishonest courts, the difficulties that this official is facing are monumental.

Many of our laws are considered but little more than jokes unless one is caught violating them. Not a few of them have been dictated by bigotry and have joined the "dead-letter" class. And the difficulties are made more distressing when a country is tainted with the nauseating sentimentality of sickly humanitarianism. What is needed in this country at this time is a band of crusaders who will demand the lives of grafters and crooks both high and low.

Life is life and it cannot be changed.

Natural law stands like a rugged mountain, but the innate selfishness and greed of humanity, unless checked or diverted into wholesome channels by dependable restrictions, will lead to criminal tendencies which will gradually spread throughout the land.

While the leading countries of the world are arming themselves to the hilt, and with the long-delayed battle between the white and the yellow races assuming menacing proportions, we go serenely on our way, oblivious to the dangers which we may have to face in the near future.

Preparedness and more preparedness is the slogan that should ring from the housetops throughout our entire nation. It should be engraved in the sky in letters of fire a mile high for every one to see. The nations of Europe are getting ready for the bloody tragedy of another world war, and it will probably be more difficult for us to remain entirely neutral than it was in the last world conflict. We will doubtless sympathize with one side or the other.

But supposing we can avoid becoming an active participant, is it wise to continue on our way complacently, oblivious to the dangers that we may face as a nation? Would not our country be better protected if we were prepared to the hilt, as are the other nations of the world?

Pacifists have one outstanding fault—they can see but in one direction. They are often deaf, dumb, and blind to reason. Historical records mean nothing to them. Conclusions that even a child could deduce from past experiences make no impression on them.

Pacifism is a poison that will destroy this nation with unquestionable certainty unless its dangers are recognized. Here we are, the richest nation in the world, a prize that any warlike country would naturally covet. And we can take our choice: build up our military forces in the air, on land, and on sea, where we can properly protect ourselves in every possible emergency—or accept the slavery which is the fate of weak and devitalized nations.

There is India with its hundreds of millions—its laws made by another nation.

China, huge in size but unable to defend itself.

Are we ready to accept a similar fate?

We have closed our country to the yellow races. The imperialistic military-loving Japanese may be ever so polite, but the insult of being barred from our shores will never be forgotten. And the colossal defensive program which they are carrying out can have but one meaning.

And to become a second Manchuria could hardly be accepted by us with equanimity; but, unless we can crush the blind fanaticism of unreasoning pacifism, no one can foretell our fate.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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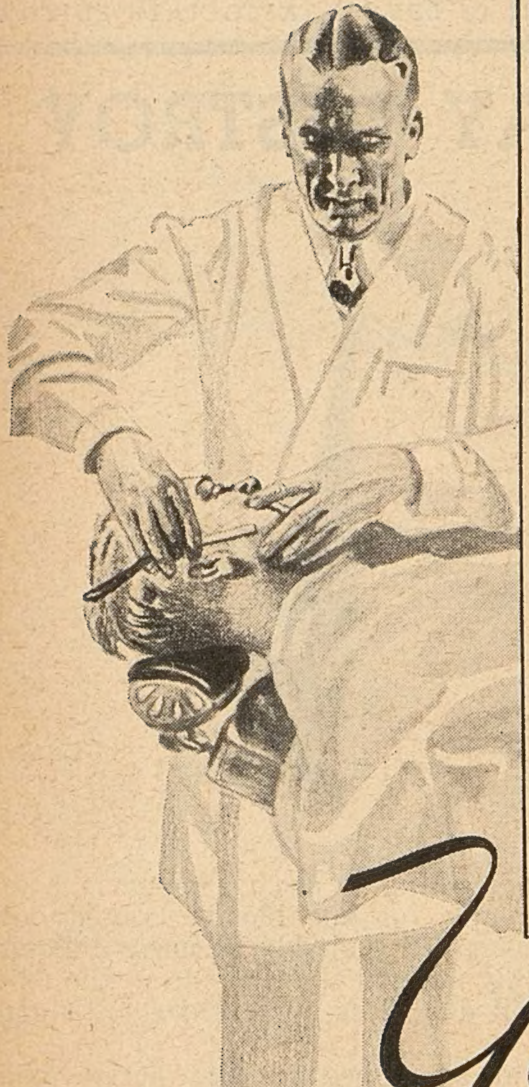

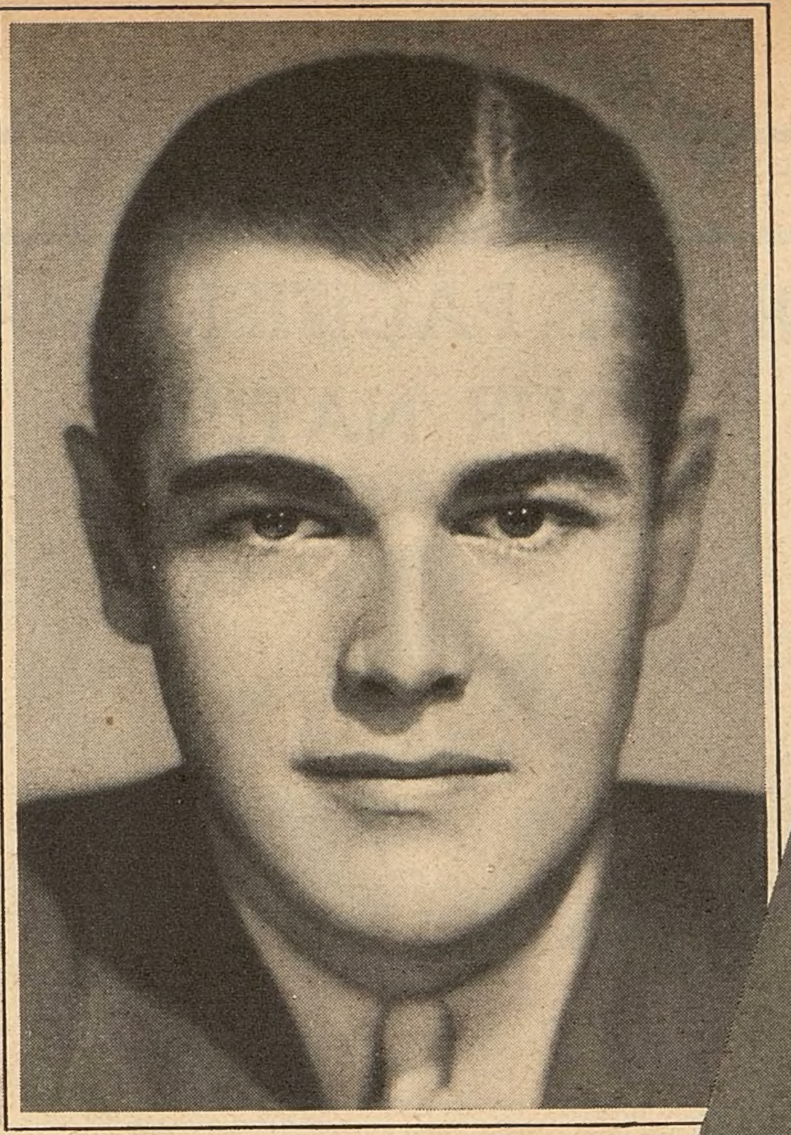

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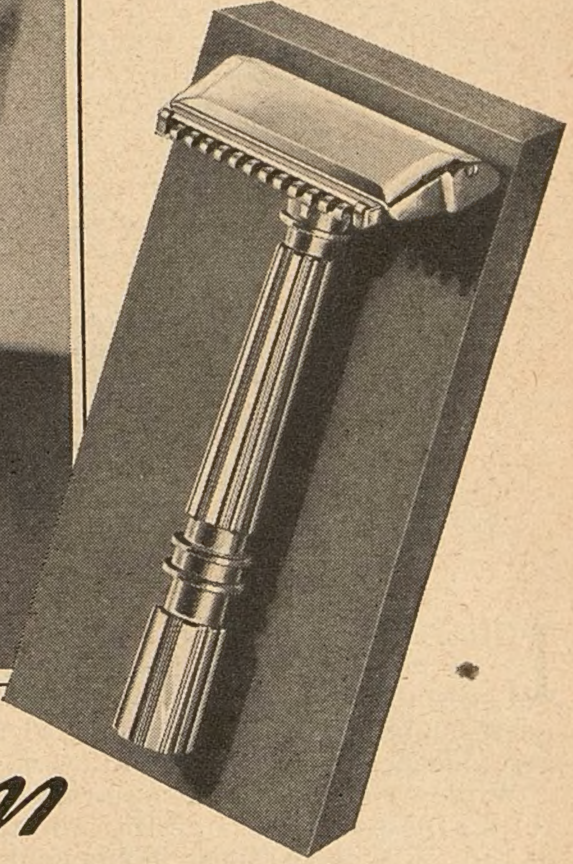
One-piece *Gem Micromatic Razor has no take-down parts. Opens and closes with a finger-twirl. Operating mechanism (concealed in handle) can't corrode or get out of whack. Guaranteed* forever.



Young Man

take a tip from the barber!

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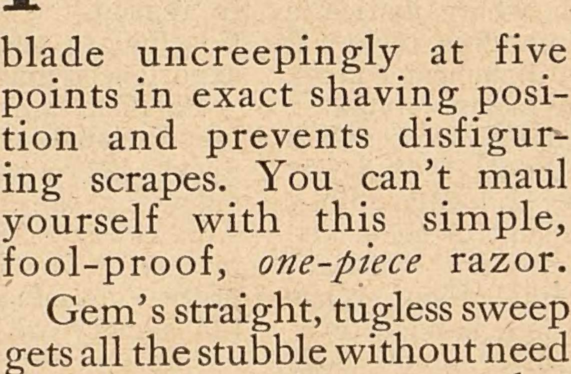


GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

• BEGINNING •

Murder of Dr. Casanova

by LUCILE ANETEL

The Story of a Man Who Loved Too Many Women — A Vivid Tale of Secret Amours and a Mysterious Nemesis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PROLOGUE

THE heat lightning that had flashed mischievously through the ballroom of the country club at midnight, when the lights were dimmed for a slow waltz, cut the sky like a threatening sword at two thirty and showed the last of the dancers the way to go home. It was still playing nervously up and down the valley between Utica and Rome long after the two cities had sunk into that profound stillness that just precedes dawn.

Jason Jones, who had left the dance early and gone to bed in Dr. Dennis's room at the O'Days', slept with one ear cocked for Dinny's return, and Angelo's.

Halfway across the city Mrs. Llewellyn Evans twisted and turned on hot wrinkled sheets and fretted, even in her sleep, because neither of her children gave her their confidence any more. Lew was in the pool parlors most of the time, she supposed; and Rose, she almost knew —almost but not quite knew—was meeting Dr. Dennis O'Day far more often than she pretended.

Even in the new Townsend home, with its electric fans whirring silently in every bedroom, the heat poured in through the open windows implacably. Celia slumbered fitfully, unaware of heat and lightning. But her father lay taut and still, as a man lies who has fallen off to sleep in the midst of anger.

Lila Gay Gibson, with one tiny imperious hand against her cheek, lay in the pose Dinny O'Day knew and loved so well.

Mary Van Winkle—Mary Van Winkle was as fast asleep as she ever had been in her life, though Mary's car was speeding away from Utica, past Rome, rocketing north like a fleeing thing.

The moon fell lower in the sky and the heat lightning's force was nearly spent. Once, however, as it flashed down the Rome road, it caught up for an instant an answering fire from the roadside, as a glass case in a jeweler's store suddenly answers when the electric lights are turned on. And once more it glanced back from the single headlight of a lonely car, flickered upon a pattern of black and white—black dancing pumps, black tuxedo suit, white shirt front, white hands strangely relaxed, ghastly white face staring up at the sky in terror or surprise.

Ellen McLoughlin

Lucile Rathbun

Anetia McLoughlin

The Murder of Dr. Casanova was written in collaboration by the three authors pictured above, and, under its original title, The Thing They Love, won second place in Liberty's $10,000 First Serial Offer, as was announced in the issue of September 16, 1933. The pen name Lucile Anetel was formed by using Miss Rathbun's first name and "telescoping" parts of the first names of the two other authors. Miss Ellen McLoughlin was born in Utica and is a graduate of Smith College. She has traveled extensively and at present is advertising manager for a publishing company. Miss Rathbun was born in Rome, New York, and was graduated from Cornell University. She reads fast, she says, and writes slowly, and admits to liking nice things in general—"especially prize fights." Miss Anetia McLoughlin, after a year at Smith, "took over the family housekeeping." When that ended, due to the dispersal of her family, she went to New York City, where she is employed by a publishing house.

PART ONE — THE JEWELED CLIP

ONE broad finger of thin moonlight penetrated the starched lace curtains and touched the spool bed when Jonathan Van Winkle burst into the peace of his wife's dreams demanding:

"Oh, mother, mother! Wake up! Where is Mary?"

Mrs. Van Winkle was jerked into consciousness by the name. "Mary? What's the matter, Jonathan?"

"She isn't in her room!"

"Why, you know Mary didn't come home last night. She said for us not to worry if she didn't get here. What are you up and dressed at this hour for?"

"'Twas the mare," the old man replied. "I got up because of the mare."

Mrs. Van Winkle impatiently shook her long braids back over her shoulders.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded. "Mary's all right. She is at the Y, of course. And what were you saying about Kit?"

"It was Kit that woke me up. She was whinnying so queerly, just as if something was wrong. Oh, how can I tell you? The mare broke out of the pasture. She was at the side of the road, just this side of the gully. And that's where I found the car!"

"What car?" Mrs. Van Winkle's voice was sharp with fear. "Mary's?"

"Dr. Dinny's. Dr. Dinny O'Day's."

"But Mary—Mary isn't there, hurt?"

"No," old Jonathan hastily assured her. "No, that's what I say. Mary isn't there!"

"What was it, then? What are you keeping from me?"

"Dr. Dinny is dead. He is in the road, near the bridge—dead, and all alone."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Van Winkle protested. "Oh, no! Why, it can't be Dr. Dinny! What would he be doing there? Mary hasn't seen him for a month!"

"There ain't no mistake," was the dreary answer. "Dr. Dinny is lying out there. I could see him plain enough by the light from the car. 'Twas parked at one side of the road. It was no accident."

"Then how did he die?"

Jonathan had dreaded that question. "I don't know. Maybe he was hit—or something."

Mrs. Van Winkle cried defiantly: "Mary doesn't see him any more! She hasn't seen him for a month. You just go telephone her now at the Y and see if she's all right. You go telephone!"

Jonathan quickly descended the stairs. For the first time in the woman's life, no pang of sorrow accompanied the reception of the news of the death of an acquaintance. For charming, clever Dr. Dennis O'Day her hurried angry thoughts had time for no grief. He should not have died so, alone at night on a country road, and practically in front of their dooryard, when Mary had so recently been keeping company with him! Terror seized her as she made a hasty toilet.

When Mrs. Van Winkle joined her husband at the telephone in the dining room, he had his Utica connection. But the night attendant at the Y. W. C. A. could tell him only that his daughter Mary had signed out on the absence book for that night.

Jonathan felt his wife's hand on his arm as he returned the receiver to its hook on the wall. "She must be staying with some girl friend," she said quietly. "It'll be all right!"

"Yes, of course," he answered with just as forced a steadiness. "Mary's always all right. I suppose I ought to phone the police, and the other Dr. O'Day."

"Call Dr. Angelo first," she said, "so that he can come to his brother right away."

The old man once more removed the telephone receiver from its hook.

JASON JONES twitched a thin shoulder and snuggled closer under the sheet. His ear buried itself more securely in the pillow. Damn these doctors' telephones! A second persistent ring reached his unwilling ear. *Why* didn't some one answer it? An even more eloquent peal aroused him to irritable action. He reached for the phone on the night table, lifted the receiver. As he spoke the hall clock chimed four.

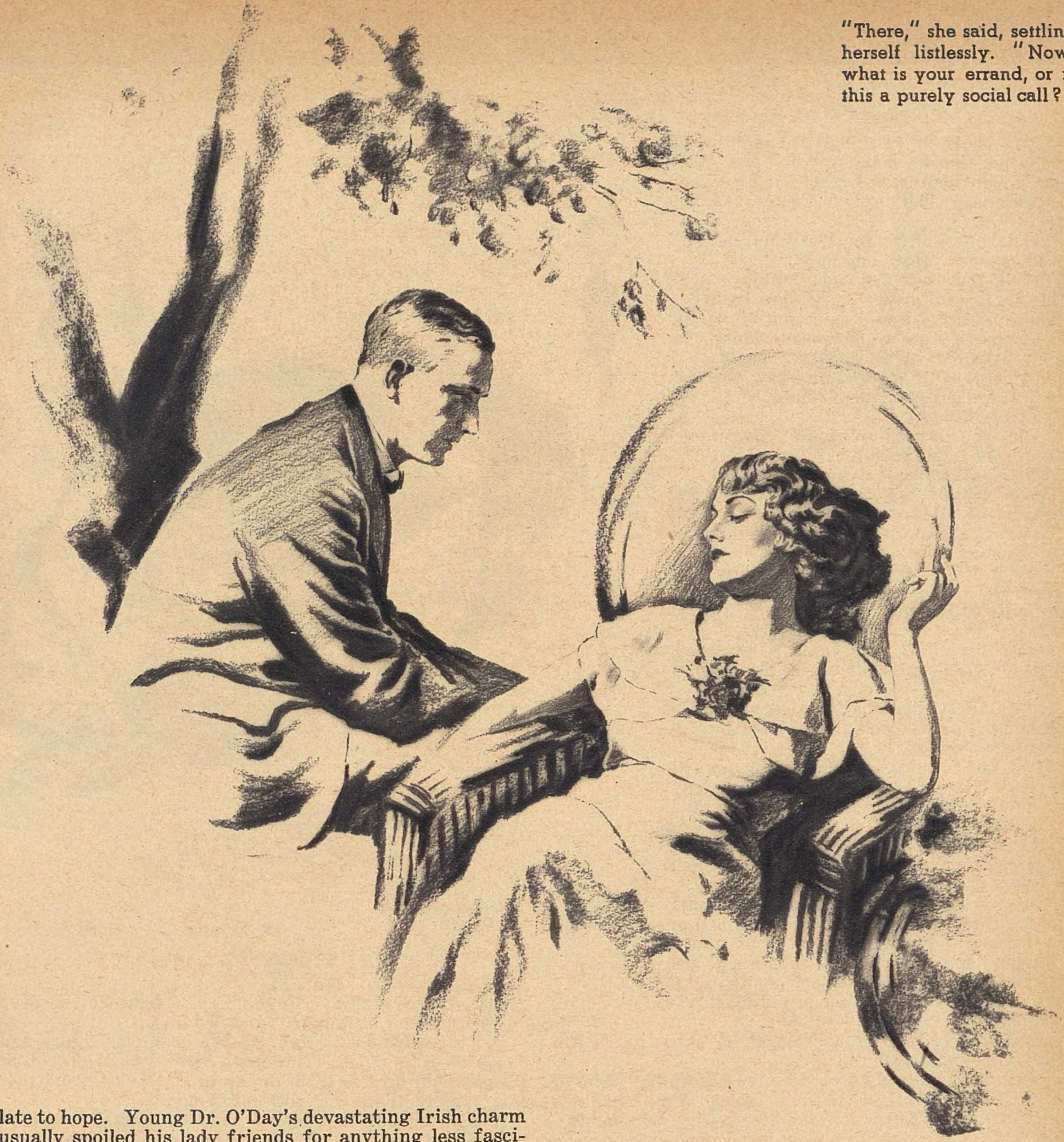
"Yes, this is Dr. O'Day's. . . . Dr. Angelo? I'm sorry; Dr. Angelo isn't in. This is Jason Jones. . . . No, I'm not a doctor; I'm a friend visiting the O'Days. Can I take a message?"

As he listened his expression changed from sleepy annoyance to startled attention. "An accident—Dr. Dinny? Is he hurt? . . . I can't understand you very well. . . . Are you sure? . . . Never mind; I'll be right there. Do what you can until I come, and stay with him. How do I get to your place? . . . The Rome road, Deerfield way, to Nine-Mile Creek? Right."

Scribbling a note for Angelo to call the Van Winkle farm when he came in, Jason doused his head with cold water and was dressed and out of the house in less than ten minutes.

The garage was empty except for his Ford. Both of the doctors' big roadsters were gone. Jason backed the little machine out and started in the direction of the Rome road. The way was a familiar one to him. Nine-Mile Creek, where the Van Winkle farm lay, was just nine miles from Utica's boundary line. It wouldn't take the brisk little car long to cover the distance.

To Jones, Pop Van Winkle had sounded all mixed up. He hoped he had been. But if Dinny had had a smash-up, it was too bad if that pretty Celia Townsend had been hurt too. She had been at the country club with Dinny that evening. Nice kid. Pretty as a picture, with her yellow hair and brown eyes. He wished Dinny would let her alone—but from the way she looked at him it was too



"There," she said, settling herself listlessly. "Now, what is your errand, or is this a purely social call?"

late to hope. Young Dr. O'Day's devastating Irish charm usually spoiled his lady friends for anything less fascinating.

Of course, not that he, Jason Jones, aged thirty, a meager five feet nine and possessor of a nondescript appearance, could hope for much in Celia's quarter. Oh, yes, he was healthy and kind, and made good money as an industrial investigator. But girls demanded—and usually got—more than that in this year of our Lord 1932.

Only five more miles. Hadn't met a car yet. He should have looked at Angelo's telephone pad for his patient's name. If Dinny were hurt, his brother should be reached immediately.

Funny, he reflected, how one took it for granted Angelo was out on a call, while an absence of Dinny's in the small hours was as apt to mean the christening of a speakeasy. He didn't blame Angelo for breaking out occasionally over his brother's escapades.

From the time Jason had first known both boys in college it had been the same. To Dinny, the spectacular, had come easy popularity and success in both work and play. He accomplished without half seeming to apply his really clever brain.

Angelo's success had been through painstaking and conscientious effort.

Perhaps because people were drawn more strongly to Dinny, Angelo himself had few close friends, and only they realized that he possessed a quiet charm of his own. Too bad he'd always been in Dinny's shadow.

Rounding a curve, Jason saw the lights of the Van Winkle house ahead of him. He stopped as a figure stepped into the path of the headlights.

"I stayed here with him, like you said." It was Jonathan Van Winkle's voice. "The car's by the road, just beyond those trees. I ain't even moved him."

"Moved him!" repeated Jason, getting out to follow the old man. "Is he hurt that badly—is he conscious?"

"I tried to tell you, Mr. Jones," was the quavering answer—"he's dead. Dr. Dinny's dead!"

"Good God!" Jason cried. "What did he smash into? Was any one with him?"

"It don't look like an accident—to the car, that is. I don't know—I don't know anything about it."

Jason ran ahead to the big car. It stood on the side of the road, one headlight still burning. On the side nearest the ditch he found a dark figure lying on the ground.

Jason knew, as he lifted the unnaturally cold wrist, that he would find no pulse. The blow which had caused the livid bruise on his forehead had ended Dinny O'Day's life.

"How did you find him, Mr. Van Winkle?" asked Jason. "How long ago?"

"Well, the mare she woke me up a little after three, whinnying. She kept it up ten minutes or so. I knew she'd got out of the lot, but usually she won't make a noise. So finally I come down to see where she was. I found her by the bridge, and saw the car. Then I walked over and found him. He wasn't breathing."

"Did you hear anything?" questioned Jason. "A car—footsteps?"

"No, I didn't; not a sound."

Jason played his flashlight around the ground.

"Did you see anything that could have been used as a weapon?"

"No." Pop's answer came promptly. "I didn't see a thing. Of course I mightn't have noticed it, but I didn't see anything at all."

Jason turned his eyes again to the body. He fixed positions and distances in his mind.

"I THINK we had better go back to the house," he decided finally. "We must do some telephoning."

Mrs. Van Winkle met the young man in the hall. Her face was drawn and gray. "Did you leave—him out there?" she asked.

"I think it's best for now, Mrs. Van Winkle," Jason answered gently. "May I use the telephone? Dr. Angelo must be called at once."

"Oh, yes, sir; right in the dining room." She hesitated in the doorway as Jason rang for the operator, then turned to the kitchen to prepare some coffee. But though she was glad to have something to do, her thoughts were troubled and her faded eyes filled with tears more than once.

More quickly than he had hoped for Jason heard Angelo's voice come over the wire.

"Angelo? This is Jason. Listen carefully. I am at Van Winkle's farm, on the Rome road. Dinny has had an accident near here. I want you to come out immediately. . . . Yes, it is serious, but I don't want to say more over the line. Come as quickly as you can."

Cutting off Angelo's questions, Jason hung up, and then, calling the operator again, asked for the Utica police station. He reported an accident and asked for an ambulance and a couple of men.

This done, he returned to the front lawn, where Jonathan had been walking about uneasily.

"Dr. Angelo is on his way here," said Jason, and walked down toward the car about a hundred and fifty yards away from the house. He preferred to have a look around before anybody's arrival.

He walked to where the body lay near the ditch. The car door swung wide open on that side. Jason looked in. The ignition was turned off. All was as neat and polished as Dinny's customary fastidiousness demanded. He felt under the cushions and peered on the floor. No clues, no telltale tobacco pouch with alien tobacco, no filmy handkerchief with provocative initials.

The ground was searched again, but offered no suggestions. It was stony. "Couldn't see a footprint if seven murderers had been here," growled Jason.

He turned his flashlight on the crumpled figure and knelt to examine it. The death gash was so deep that Jason could lay his little finger in it. Aside from that angry mark there was nothing disfiguring.

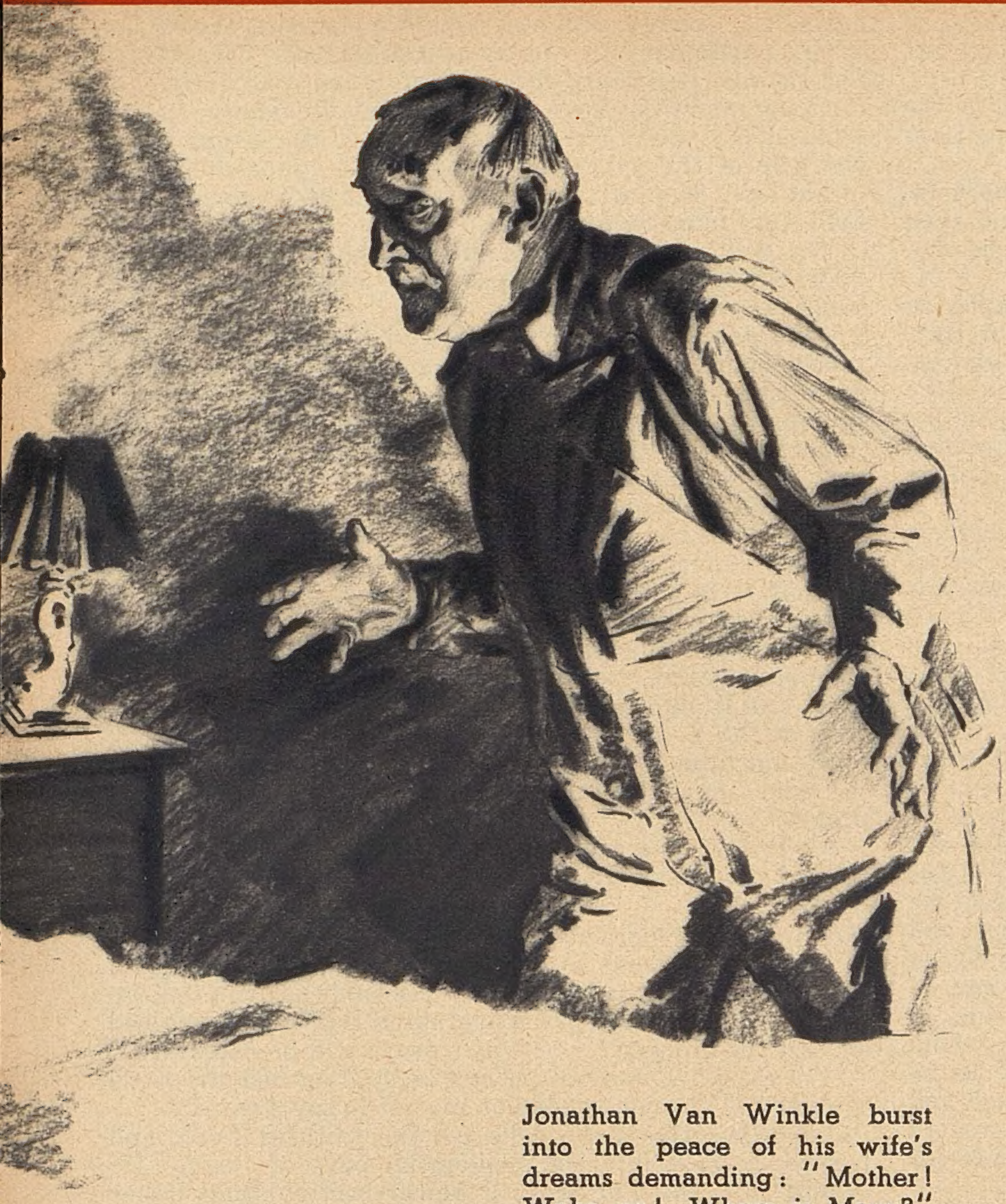
The pockets of his rumpled dusty evening clothes contained only keys, small bills and change, and a handkerchief. A silver cigarette case was in a pocket by itself. Jason returned each to its place after examining it. He spent some time over long scratches, almost lacerations, on the backs of Dinny's fine hands.

THE gray light was warming from a pinkness in the east as the sound of a car came from behind him. He turned to look, and something caught the first ray of the sun and sparkled on the road edge. Jason ran back, picked it up and thrust it in his pocket without examination.

By the time the police car drew up he was erect again and blandly smiling at the sergeant.

"What's the trouble?" asked Sergeant Donovan. "Smash-up?" He peered interestedly out the coupé window. Behind him was Detective Perkins's little face.

"It's worse than that, sergeant. It's Dr. Dennis O'Day. He's had an accident and I'm afraid it was fatal. Old Van Winkle found him."



Jonathan Van Winkle burst into the peace of his wife's dreams demanding: "Mother! Wake up! Where is Mary?"

Firing a barrage of questions at Jason, they parked the car and accompanied him to the scene of the death.

Jason told them all that Jonathan Van Winkle had reported to him. Sergeant Donovan satisfied himself that the death had taken place some hours before. Then, ordering Perkins to stay there and look around more thoroughly for a weapon, he started for the house, complaining of the long delay in notifying him.

Jason went ahead to tell the old couple that the police had come. They were sitting silently by the kitchen table and only looked up apathetically when Jason entered.

" Sergeant Donovan is here," he said.

Pop got to his feet, exchanging a look with his wife. She rose and laid a hand on his arm. " Now, papa, don't be upset. We haven't a thing to worry about." But her eyes followed him anxiously as he and Jason went in the dining room.

The sergeant was stamping on the porch and appeared in the doorway.

" Well, Van Winkle, you've given us a cold trail by your delay. Why didn't you call us right away? "

Jonathan bristled. " I called Dr. Angelo soon's I could. But why was it my business to call the police? I didn't kill him."

The sergeant turned a delicate purple at the last words and was opening his mouth for a fitting rejoinder when Jason interrupted.

" Mr. Van Winkle called me at four, sergeant," he said placatingly.

" Well," snorted Donovan, " Van Winkle should have called us half an hour earlier. As soon as he saw the body. We might have found some one or something. Now there isn't even a weapon. And the murderer could be in Onondaga County by now."

The sergeant turned to Van Winkle:

" Hadn't you heard the car stop, or voices around, or anything at all? "

" No, I tell you," said Pop fiercely. " I didn't see nobody or nothing, before, then, or after."

Donovan looked discouraged. This wasn't going as it should. Was the man concealing something? Or was he merely angry at having his veracity questioned? With some relief he heard a car stop down by the bridge and, leaving Pop for the present, went out to investigate.

Jason hurried ahead of him and was standing with Dr. Angelo, who was looking down at the body of his only brother as Donovan panted up. Jason was finishing the all too short story of what was known of the night's tragedy.

" IF I'd only known! " were Angelo's words. Then he seemed suddenly to revise his words. " If I'd only come back from my Rome case by this road instead of the Westmoreland way, I might have been in time."

" But, Angelo," corrected Jason, " you had just come in the house when I called you half an hour ago. You couldn't have been here in time to save him."

Before Angelo could reply, the ambulance drove up.

" I think I shall go back to Utica," Jason said. " Tell the Van Winkles I'll be out today or tomorrow to see them again. And get some coffee. You look ready to drop."

Angelo indeed looked as deathlike as his brother. His face was drawn and old. " I can't realize it," he insisted. " Who could have wished to kill Dinny? "

Jason drove back slowly. He was thinking hard. It was all very peculiar. He wished he knew more about Dinny's friends, habits, and affairs. But though he was ostensibly an intimate friend of both brothers, he felt he knew far more of the reserved Angelo than the seemingly frank and open-hearted Dinny. Every one had been held more or less at arm's length from Dinny's private life.

He felt in his pocket for his pipe. His fingers touched something hard, and suddenly he remembered that he had not yet had an opportunity to examine the glittering thing he had picked up near the car. He drew it from his pocket, and at what he saw gave a low whistle and, steering off the concrete, stopped.

It was an exquisite little thing, a jeweled clip of unusual pattern and extraordinarily fine workmanship. It looked like a miniature Swiss chalet, cunningly designed and carried out in diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. Here was a clue, and what a clue! thought Jason. It wouldn't be hard to find the owner of this. He turned it over. Yes, the jeweler's name was engraved on the back: A. Williams, Utica. " My first lead," he exulted, and started again for Utica.

As he parked his car in front of the big old-fashioned brick home of the O'Days, the well cared for lawns and hospitable verandas looked strangely peaceful in the early sunshine. The house was really too big for the O'Days, but it was unthought-of to leave it. The brothers were alone in the world except for a maiden aunt who looked after them and tried to act as mentor, and they clung to the family home as the one part of their childhood left to them.

Jason opened the front door and was confronted by the tall spare figure of Aunt Harriet, or "Hat," as the irrepressible Dinny had always called her.

"Get a bath and dress yourself decently," she commanded as the young man started to speak, "and then while you eat your breakfast you can talk." She disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

"No need to mention just those few eggs and coffee at Van Winkle's," thought Jason, remembering Aunt Harriet's waffles and her jealous pride in trying to fill him up.

When he came downstairs twenty minutes later, even Aunt Harriet's eagle eye could find no fault with his shining immaculateness. "Sit right down," she directed, placing steaming coffee and golden-brown waffles before him, "and begin at the beginning."

Jason attacked the food with gusto. "The telephone rang at four; at least it was four o'clock when I answered it. Old Jonathan Van Winkle was on the wire. He was so excited he could hardly speak; all I got was Dinny's name and the word accident, so I put on a few clothes and rushed out there."

Gently he told her of the night's events. When he had finished there was a silence. Jason glanced up. Aunt Harriet's back was straighter than ever, her face grim, but the hand that held her cup trembled violently.

"Dinny—Dinny—out of all the world, it had to be he!" she said at last. "Jason Jones, if you don't find the one who is responsible for this, I—I'll find him myself!" She paused and then went on: "Dinny wasn't perfect—he had the spice of the devil in him. But he was my boy, and now—" Her voice broke and she glared savagely at Jason's pitying look. But she had come to the end of her control, and abruptly she rose and left the room.

After Jason had finished his third cup of coffee, which he felt was demanded by his "nervous stomach," as he dubbed his constant appetite, he consulted his watch and started for the front door. Aunt Harriet's voice wafted from the upper regions: "Mind you come back here for lunch; you can't get anything decent downtown."

The Ford started down Genesee Street, and not until Jason reached the business section did he slow up and look carefully at the shop names in one particular block. Finding the name he was looking for, he parked the car and entered Williams's jewelry store.

"MAY I speak to the manager?" he asked the languid young man who came forward.

A little plumpish man of middle years appeared from a private office. "I am Mr. Williams. You wished to see me?"

"It is on a private matter," said Jason, ever mindful of ears, even those of languid young men. He followed him into the office and closed the door.

"Mr. Williams, did you make this?" Jason laid on the desk the sparkling clip he had found in the road. The jeweler picked it up and examined it silently.

"Yes," he said finally, "I did. Why?"

"For whom?" Jason persisted.

"I made four of them, at different times," was the brief answer. "May I inquire who you are and why you ask?"

Jason smiled disarmingly. "My name is Jason Jones. I am staying with the O'Days. I saw your name engraved on the back of this clip and, thinking it an unusual piece of work, I wanted to talk with you about it."

Mr. Williams's face cleared. "Oh, Dr. Dennis O'Day had these clips made. A pretty design and, if I do say so, we worked it up well."

Jason became as ingratiating as possible. "Would you tell me, Mr. Williams, who owns the four different clips?"

The jeweler's manner stiffened. "I'm afraid I cannot. The clips were made by Dr. O'Day's orders, at different periods, but I know nothing about whom they were given to. Doubtless he would tell you."

Jason saw that he would have to give a little information himself. He drew his chair closer to the older man. "Mr. Williams," he began, "this is not a matter of idle curiosity. A great deal may depend on locating the owner of this particular clip. I may as well tell you—Dr. O'Day, Dr. Dennis, was found dead on the Rome road early this morning, and this clip is the only shred of evidence found. I found it myself, and want to discover the owner without help of the police, if possible. An innocent person might have dropped it, one who needn't be involved. But the owner must be found."

Mr. Williams's face was shocked out of its wariness. "Dr. Dinny O'Day!" he repeated. "Dead? How? You mean he was killed?"

"We don't know," Jason answered guardedly. "The report isn't in yet. But he was alone and had been dead some time when found. But you see," he continued, returning to the question uppermost in his mind, "how important it is to know who owned the clip, especially since there are more than one of them."

Mr. Williams considered a moment. "Yes," he agreed slowly, "it is important. In that case I can tell you. This is a small enough city, and the clips distinguished enough so that it is pretty well known which of Dr. Dinny's friends received them. One, the first one, was given to a Mrs. Gibson of Rome. The second, I think, went to a Miss Primrose Evans, rather a different sort of girl. Then, Miss Van Winkle has one. Now there is a nice girl. She lives at the Y. W. C. A., passes here on her way to work every morning, always so pleasant and smiling."

"And the fourth?" prompted Jason, holding his breath.

"The last one was made at Christmas time, and I believe it was for Henry Townsend's daughter Celia."

JASON got to his feet briskly. "Mr. Williams, you have been very decent to let me have this information. I believe it will help a great deal. I needn't ask you to keep my visit confidential; you understand that the less noised around the quicker Dr. O'Day's death will be explained."

"Yes, yes; I understand perfectly," agreed the little jeweler. "You can depend on me not to say a word."

Jason left the store, collected the faithful Ford, and turned it back into the residential part of town. He swung into the Parkway, a newer section than upper Genesee where the O'Day house stood. But the homes here were as large and the lawns as velvety. It was, however, a trifle too perfect for Jason's taste, too new, and lacking somehow the assured dignity that homes and their grounds gain with age.

He stopped before a white Colonial house built in the Southern style with big columns rising to the roof. Elaborate landscaping set off the architecture, and only the too small grounds spoiled a perfect picture. Mounting the porch steps, he rang the bell and peered into the shadowy hall.

It ran through to the back of the house, where another door opened on a formal garden. He saw a flutter of yellow in the path and, without waiting for an answer to his ring, changed his mind and left the porch, walking rapidly around the house.

The flutter of yellow proved to be Celia Townsend. She was cutting velvety white roses, her hands incased in a pair of gardening gloves. She had not heard his footsteps on the soft turf, and Jason looked at her a moment before speaking.

Her shining hair repeated the color of her simple frock; her cheeks were flushed a faint apricot from the warm morning sun; and Jason thought her one of the prettiest things alive.

"Good morning, Miss Townsend," he began.

Celia turned at the sound of his voice. "Good morning yourself, Jason Jones," she answered. "I'm flattered at your early call." She gathered up her rose basket and shears. "Come over here where it's cool. It's going to be another blazing day." And she led the way toward some chairs grouped under a shady elm tree.

"There, this is better," she said, drawing off the gloves and settling herself listlessly in a big chair. "Now, what is your errand, or may I hope this is a purely social call?"

"You look tired, young *(Continued on page twelve)*

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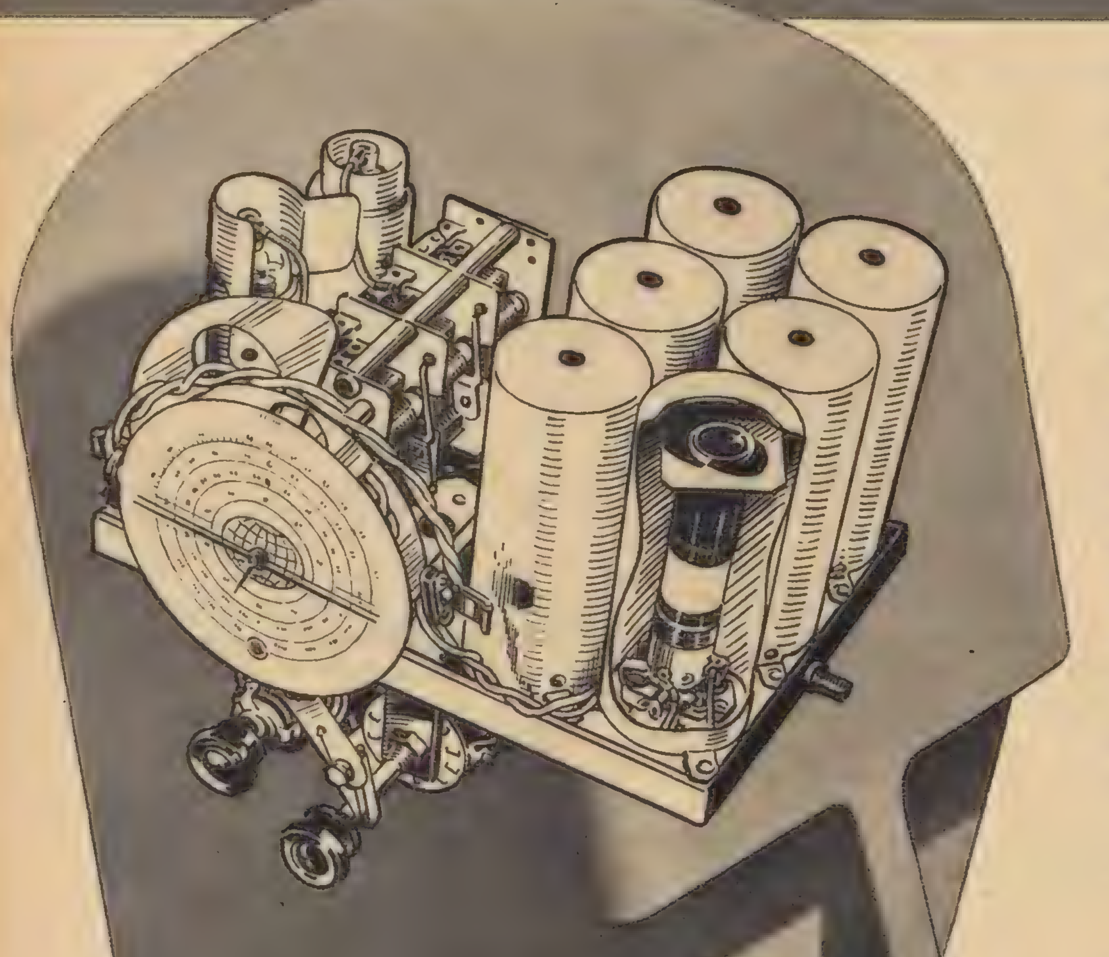

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(Continued from page ten)

lady," Jason remarked. "Did you dance too late last night?"

"It's the heat," Celia complained. "I couldn't sleep very well."

"You should have come home earlier," Jason suggested.

"But I wasn't out late," she protested. "Dinny brought me home by two, and heaven knows that wasn't late." A little silence fell. Celia gazed uninterestedly over the garden, looking as motionless and fragrantly lovely as the flowers around her. Jason considered and suddenly made a decision.

"Celia," he said, "did Dr. Dinny ever give you a curious little clip?"

The girl turned her eyes back to Jason. "Yes, he did," she said briefly—"if you mean the little jeweled chalet one."

"That's it," he affirmed, and drawing a long breath plunged into his question: "I wonder if you would let me see it."

Celia looked at him wonderingly.

"Why, yes," she consented. "Is there anything else you'd like? I'll have to get it; it's upstairs."

Jason stifled an impulse toward garrulous apology as she picked up her flowers and started toward the house. "I'm certainly light as a feather," he thought. "If it were any one else but Dinny, I'd quit this cold. I don't enjoy it."

Celia reappeared almost immediately. He got to his feet at her approach, and she smiled wanly up at him as she said, "Here it is," and handed him the sparkling trinket.

"Thank God, it wasn't hers," was Jason's first reaction.

At this moment a forceful voice called from the porch, "Celia, I want you to drive me to the bank." It was Mr. Townsend. Seeing Jason, he descended the steps and came toward them.

Celia's father looked like a chip of the proverbial granite. Age seemed unable to wither him, nor could custom stale the impression of iron will which surrounded him like an aura. He was tall and thin, gray hair, gray eyes, gray clothes—even his expression looked gray. Men who had dealt with the banker had learned they could expect justice but never generosity.

"Good morning, Mr. Townsend." Jason's greeting was formal. He had met the man two or three times and neither had been anxious to ripen the acquaintance.

"Good morning," was the brusque reply, and without wasting further time on Jason, Mr. Townsend addressed his daughter: "Celia, can you take me downtown at once? It is late now."

Jason saw that his presence was superfluous, and having obtained the information he sought hastened to make his farewells.

"I must be off myself," he said. "Do you mind, Miss Townsend, if I keep your clip for a few days?"

STARTLED, Mr. Townsend stared at the ornament lying in Jason's open palm. "What is this?" he exclaimed, his face darkening. "Celia, where did this come from? I told you it must go back! Did you disobey me?"

Celia stiffened defensively. "I did send it back," she said coolly, "and Dinny gave it to me again."

"Very well, young lady," said her father's glacial voice. "If that is how things work, I'll send it myself. And I'll send it so that it won't come back again. I've told you before that I'll have no daughter of mine accepting presents or attention from that man." He thrust a peremptory hand toward Jason, expecting the young man to pass the clip to him.

But Jason's own anger had arisen and he slipped the trinket into his pocket.

"I think perhaps I ought to tell you," he said. "It isn't known yet, and I'd hoped to spare Miss Townsend as long as possible. But Dr. Dennis O'Day will cause you no further annoyance. He was found dead this morning on the Rome road."

Father and daughter both looked at the young man incredulously.

"It isn't possible!" Henry Townsend protested after a stunned instant.

"I'm afraid it is," said Jason.

"But I don't understand," Celia's whisper broke the pause. "How was he killed? When was he found?"

Jason looked at her. The slim figure was drooping and the girl had turned ghastly. She swayed. "I *will not* faint," she declared, and fell on the garden path.

. . . . .

"Last week I went over to London to pay King Georgie a call.
Said the butler, 'He's out, he isn't about, for I can't see his hat in the hall.
But,' said he, 'since you've come such a distance, take a good look around,' said he.
'You'll not find a palace so grand as ours—'"

sang Jason Jones. But he took no joy in the song, for Angelo was standing looking at him, his deep-set eyes a furious blue-black, his lips a tight harsh line.

They were in Lila Gay Gibson's absurd boudoir.

"Who is this Mrs. Gibson whom Dinny knew?" Jason had asked at lunch. Aunt Hat gave a startled glance toward Angelo. Angelo, who had a glass of water halfway to his lips, set it down very gently and precisely without drinking, took it up again, wet his lips, and said: "Lila Gibson lives at Delta Lake, near Rome—or did."

"Did? Where does she live now?"

"She went away last night. She went to Russia, to join her husband," said Aunt Hat.

"He's an engineer hired by the Soviets," continued Aunt Hat. "They're paying him big money to give advice about digging a coal mine. He's a very intelligent young fellow. Not a Harvard man, but—"

JASON grinned. "Then of course we can dismiss him with an airy wave of the hand and come back to the fair Lila."

Angelo's coffee spoon clattered against the saucer. "She had nothing to do with Dinny's— She went away before." The man's voice was harsh.

"What time last night did she leave, Angelo?"

"She went on the midnight train. I know because I—I saw her yesterday afternoon. She gave me the key to her house and asked me to go up and have the pipes blown out by a plumber. She's to be gone all winter." Angelo was talking fast—too fast.

"Why couldn't she have taken care of that herself?"

"She—left rather suddenly. There were many details. Closing up a house is no easy task, especially when there's no man to help."

"Oh." Jason's unspoken comment was "But Dinny wasn't dead then." Aloud he said: "She lives near Rome. If Dinny had been going to her house, would it be logical to go by Nine-Mile Creek?"

"You could go that way."

"Past Van Winkle's homestead?"

"Yes."

"But," said Aunt Harriet, "Dinny couldn't have been going out there last night, because she left Utica for New York at midnight. It's more likely he went to see the Van Winkle girl. Hasn't anybody thought of that?"

"Yes," admitted Jason. "That's the trouble. We've thought of so many things. But this Lila, she really interests me."

"I can't tell you any more about her." Angelo's voice was definitely unfriendly.

"Very well," and Jason finished his lunch in silence. But afterward he followed Angelo out to the garage.

"Look here," he said. "If you like, I'll clear out, go to a hotel, shut up—do anything you wish. But it won't be many hours before the police are going to put two and two together and make it twenty-two. They may get to know that there was road oil and tar on your car at nine o'clock this morning, though I see you've had it washed. The only tarring done all week near the city has been on the Rome road near Nine-Mile Creek."

Has Jason unearthed a sinister clue pointing to Lila Gibson? Does Angelo's anger betray guilty knowledge of what happened on the Rome road near Nine-Mile Creek? And what of the two other fair owners of dead Dinny O'Day's jeweled trinkets? Follow Jason in next week's installment as he treads the tangled paths leading to the solution of this thrilling murder mystery.

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The Challenge

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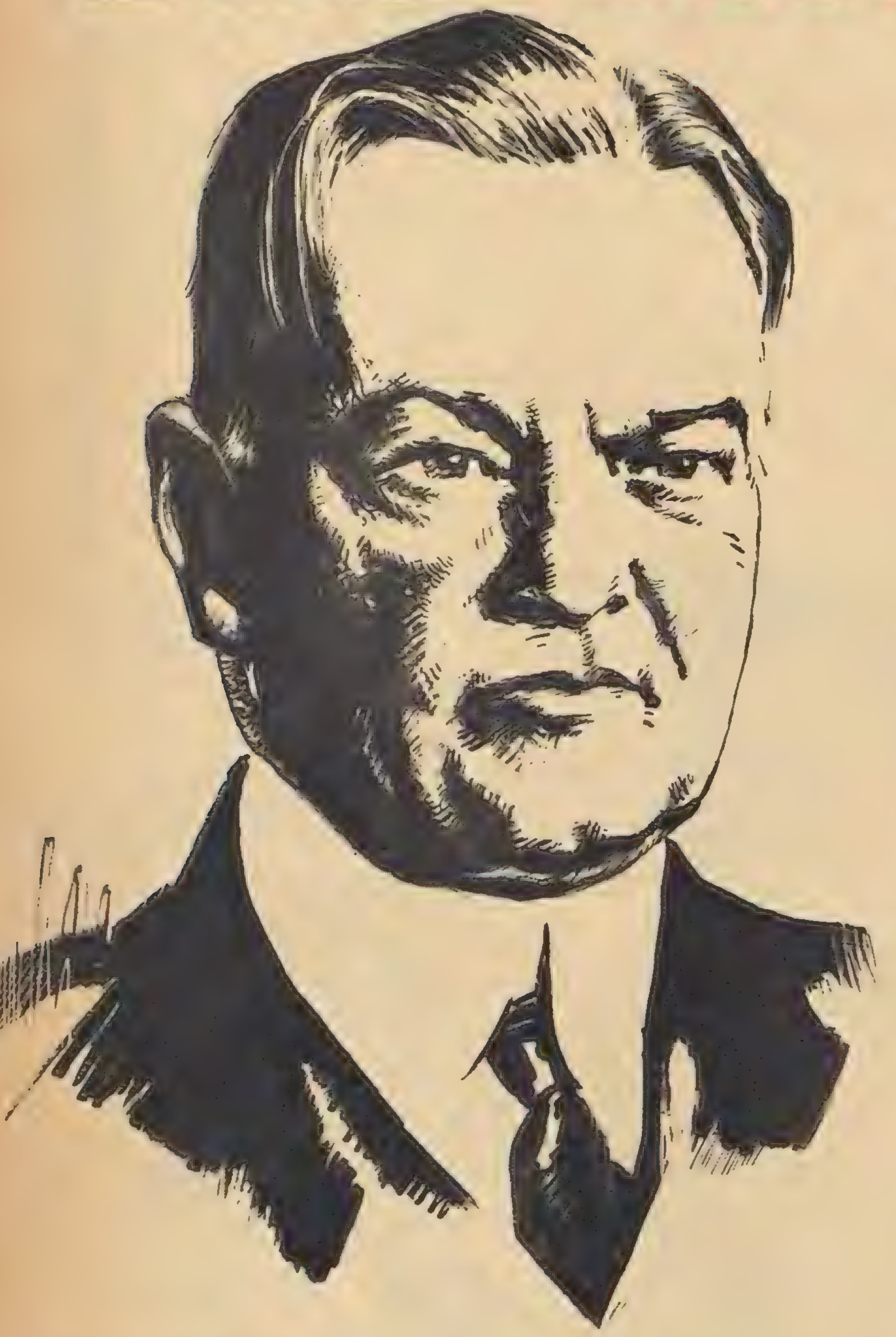


He is challenged as author of The Challenge to Liberty.

IT was characteristic of Herbert Hoover that he should study the New Deal for a year and a half before releasing a single word for publication. And it was also characteristic, I think, that such a carefully drawn statement as his book, The Challenge to Liberty, contains should not challenge the New Deal in terms of engineering, business, or finance but in terms of social psychology, in which it is possible to be much less definite.

There is no business opposition to the New Deal. There is considerable opposition on the part of business *men*, but the opposition is purely psychological. They want profits; and the New Deal offers them their only opportunity for profits, through organizing and coördinating the nation's business to serve the whole people. But this is a new point of view; and business men are *human beings* and shrink from such an ordeal.

There is no financial opposition to the New Deal, although there is much opposition on the part of financiers. They frequently ask: "Where is the money coming from to pay for all this?" But they ask merely as people in a disturbed state of mind. As financiers, they would know. For what they mean by "all this" is the process of organizing the American people for the production and distribution of wealth. And it doesn't cost anything to produce and distribute wealth if we know how. What costs is our *not* doing it when we know perfectly well how it could be done.

And, as far as I know, there is no engineering opposition to the New Deal. There are, very properly I think, many engineering objections to the way in which certain details have been attended to; but no engineer, as an engineer, objects to the principle of coördinating our efforts to achieve what we want to achieve. If I were able to buy all the industries in America, about the first thing I should have to do would be to hire some great engineer to direct the job of coördinating them. The first name which comes to my mind is Herbert Hoover. As an engineer, I know he would not permit one of my factories to work at cross-purposes with another. As a philosopher of human liberty, however, I haven't the slightest idea what he would do.

If Mr. Hoover had based his objections to the New Deal on business principles, I would feel perfectly at home in discussing them. As a philosopher of human liberty, however, I am at best an amateur; and if Mr. Hoover is—but something causes me to suspect that he may be only an amateur too. So here goes.

What aroused my suspicion was that statement in his book: "*For the first time in two generations the American people are faced with the primary issue of humanity and all government—the issue of human liberty.*"

It was as if a lecturer on the drought had observed: "For the first time in two generations the American people are faced with the fact that water is wet."

It happens that I believe in human liberty quite as profoundly as Mr. Hoover does; and I would not favor any program for material prosperity if I believed it would curb human liberty. But if his observation is correct, I don't know anything about human liberty; and if my observations are correct, Mr. Hoover would not recognize human liberty if he saw it.

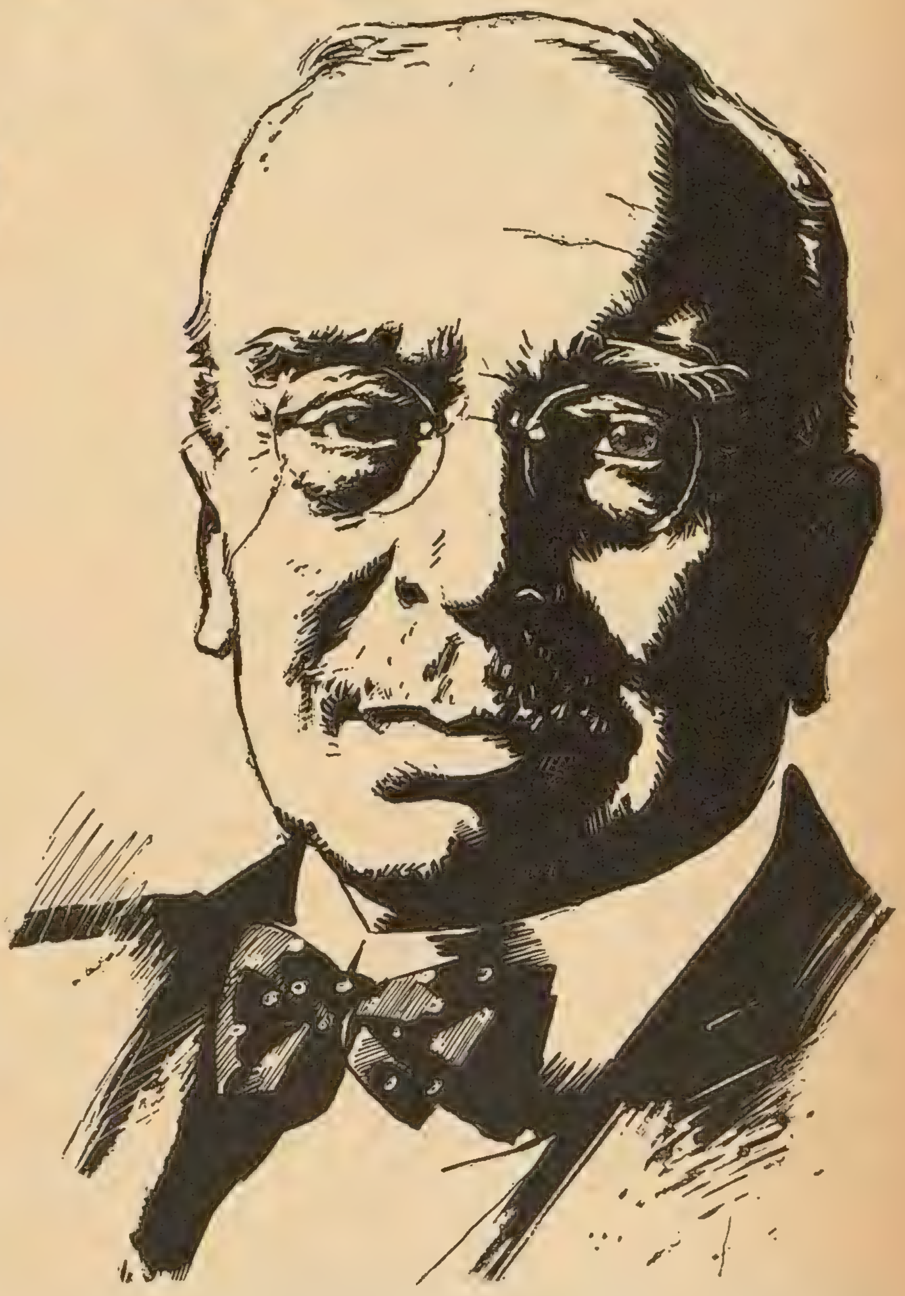
I had supposed that unemployment was a violation of human liberty. But Mr. Hoover supposes nothing of the sort. He was chairman of our first National Unemployment Conference in 1921; and he worked out an elaborate program to present to the nation in case widespread unemployment should ever happen to us again. And if I remember correctly, it did. Fifteen million or more Americans wanted to support their families and couldn't. It wasn't their fault, as Mr. Hoover would be the first to admit. Nor was it due to any natural calamity, nor to any breakdown of our mechanism of production. It was just a break in our mechanism of exchange.

Whatever the trouble was, however, it seemed obvious to me that the human liberty of those fifteen million unemployed was seriously impaired.

I might not have worried much about it but for the fact that I couldn't sell goods in any great quantity to a public which was not free to buy. And this public, as

to Mr. Hoover

by
EDWARD A. FILENE



His challenger, Mr. Filene — Boston merchant and liberal.

I saw it, was not; and therefore manufacturers cut down production, causing more and more unemployment, and bringing about less and less human liberty.

In that last assumption, however, if Mr. Hoover's concept of human liberty is correct, I was utterly mistaken. The issue of human liberty, as Mr. Hoover sees it, was not before us then; and America never had to face that issue until Congress at the insistence of the American people granted extraordinary powers to the President.

In this statement Mr. Hoover has done a great service to the American people. When he states in effect that the American people enjoyed human liberty under his administration but are losing it under President Roosevelt's, the only sensible thing to do is to find out, if possible, how one gets that way.

Being free, as I see it, consists of being able to do the things we want to do; but there can be no absolute freedom. I used to know a freedom-loving soul who settled on a farm in Illinois. Then the city of Chicago came up and settled all around him. They taxed him so much for his farm that he sold it for a fabulous sum, which gave him a certain kind of human liberty; but all he could see was that he had been compelled to sell his farm. But he hung to the house. He had lived as he wanted to live in that house, and he intended to continue his tradition of freedom.

BUT the city paved the street and made him pay for the pavement. Then it dug a sewer and made him pay for his share of that. It made him pay also for the education of the city's children, although he himself had no children and didn't believe in education anyway. Finally he declared war on Chicago, barricaded the house, and got so mad that he dropped dead with apoplexy. He believed undoubtedly in human liberty but not in the liberty of Chicagoans to make a better Chicago.

A good many of us business men are like that. We learned business in the agrarian age, and the machine age has now come up and settled all around us. We had enjoyed human liberty under a certain formula. If anybody didn't want to work for us at the wages we offered, he was free, wasn't he, to quit his job; and that was all the human liberty that we could visualize. When, for some reason or other, the old formula ceased to work, we couldn't comprehend why.

And there are still some among us who cannot yet see. There is no sense in getting angry at them. Chicago did not get angry at that libertarian traditionalist. To preserve human liberty—the inalienable right of the people of Chicago to sanitation, education, and other things—it had to violate *his traditions* of liberty.

And to preserve human liberty in this machine age we must violate many of the traditions of jungle liberty.

Never did democracy have a clearer issue. The President's program demands the nation-wide coördination of all industry; and this is now a business necessity.

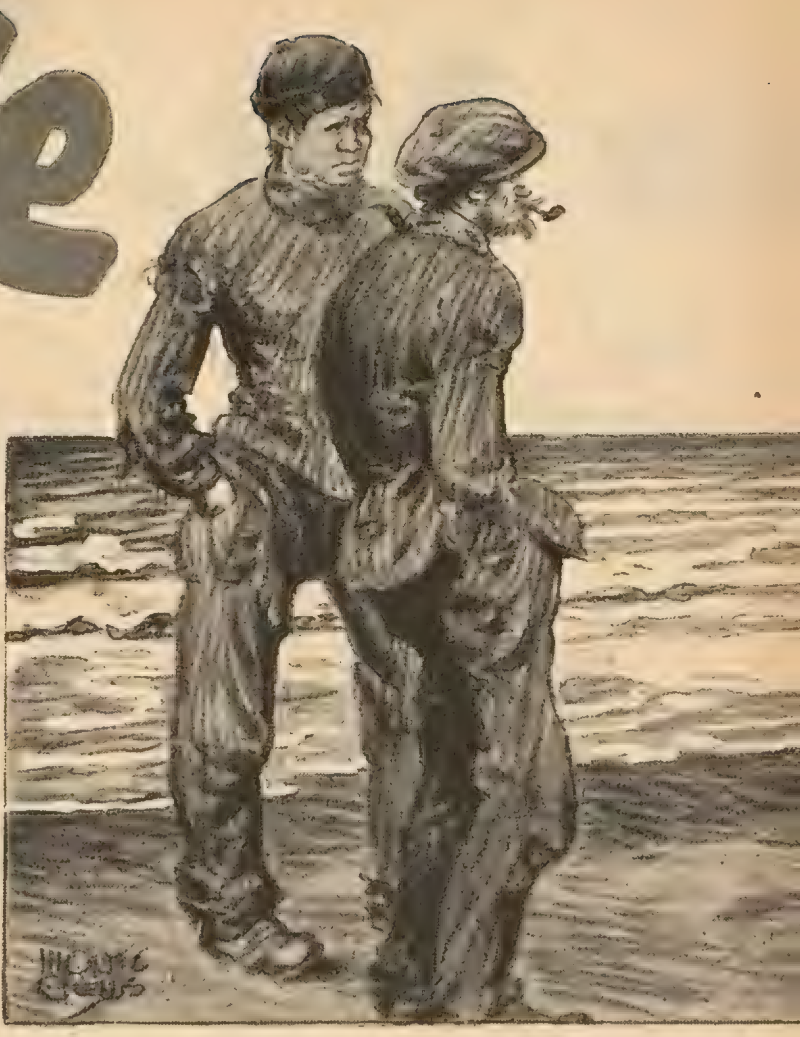
Such national planning is first concerned with high and ever higher wages for labor, and greater and greater returns for agriculture, because by no other method can there be a market for the ever increasing volume of desirable things which we have now learned how to produce. But it demands more than that. The President has pointed out the necessity for nation-wide insurance against unemployment, against sickness and accident, and against poverty in old age. The object of this, obviously, is to make everybody an adequate consumer—a thing which, in a civilization such as ours, it is everybody's inalienable right to be.

On the facts, regardless of ancient formulas which, because of changed conditions, have long since ceased to work, the New Deal brings us all together. It ends class, regional, and social conflict; and if, as some argue, it might end our old capitalism, who cares? For the first time it has become a capitalistic necessity to abolish unemployment and poverty and to provide larger and larger incomes and more and more leisure for *all* the people. The new capitalism will do all this. The old capitalism has failed to do it.

The issue is not *how* we shall achieve this more abundant life for all but whether we shall make the effort. President Roosevelt is for it. The opposition is against it. Fortunately for American business, the American people are at liberty to choose.

THE END

For Love



A Strangely Glamorous Story of Shipwreck and Adventure, and the Magic Beauty of a Great Romance

by JOHN CASTLE HUNT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MY first love was the sea. Next to that, Seaborne. I think it was the fairest, the most gracious house any man ever built. Seaborne. There are two direct applications of the name: it was born of the sea, and borne out of the sea, every stick and stone of it. But back of Seaborne, and back of that view from the cliff edge, there are other recollections not so fair.

I remember a ship wrenched and twisted and worried in the grip of a terrible gale and an irate sea. On the ship, among several others, were my father and my mother and myself. My mother was a small, slender slip of a woman with a dark passionate face and enormous black eyes that never seemed to see anything but my father. She was sick, very sick, and had kept to her bunk almost from the beginning of the voyage. I was too small to realize just how sick she was till the day on which the captain gave orders to abandon the ship, which had sprung a leak and was going down.

He came into our cabin, and my father rose to greet him cordially from beside my mother's bunk, where he had been sitting on a stool. I was lying on the end of the bunk, by my mother's feet. My father rose—a great brawn-padded bone-hard mountain of a man, with shoulders like an ox and a face like a god—a sea god. His yellow hair was long; it curled to his neck. His face was bronze as the faces of fair men only are. He had not shaved since he came aboard the ship, and his beard curled over his jaws like golden fleece. His clear blue eyes looked into the captain's dripping face.

Behind the captain was the ship's doctor.

"Yes?" said my father quickly.

"The ship is going down," said the captain. "We cannot possibly save her. All our trying's gone for naught, Mr. Storm." He hesitated.

"Yes?" said my father slowly.

"We are manning the lifeboats," said the captain. He hesitated again, and his voice was suddenly hoarse, his face queerly tired. "One of them was smashed to kindling wood by the seas, Mr. Storm."

The captain could not go on. The doctor came a step forward and gazed down at my mother, who lay staring up at him with her enormous black eyes. But I knew that she saw only my father.

"She cannot possibly live till night," said the doctor softly. "And—there will be room in the boats for only one more."

My father nodded. He did not look at my mother. He had not taken his eyes from the captain's face.

The captain burst into sudden painful speech:

"I have come to—to send you to the boat, Mr. Storm. We will crowd the boy in somehow. You and the doctor will. I—shall stay with my ship."

Silence fell over the cabin—such silence as could fall with the wind roaring outside and the waves crashing against the sides of the doomed ship. Even I understood what the captain meant. When the doctor was in the boat, there would be room for only one more. No room for a dying woman, who must lie flat and take up room for four others who might live.

I shrank close to my mother's feet, and then I heard her voice, surprisingly strong and clear.

"You must go, Garvin," she said, her eyes on my father. "Go, and take the boy. Gary has a right to live. All the others have a right to live. You must go, and take Gary."

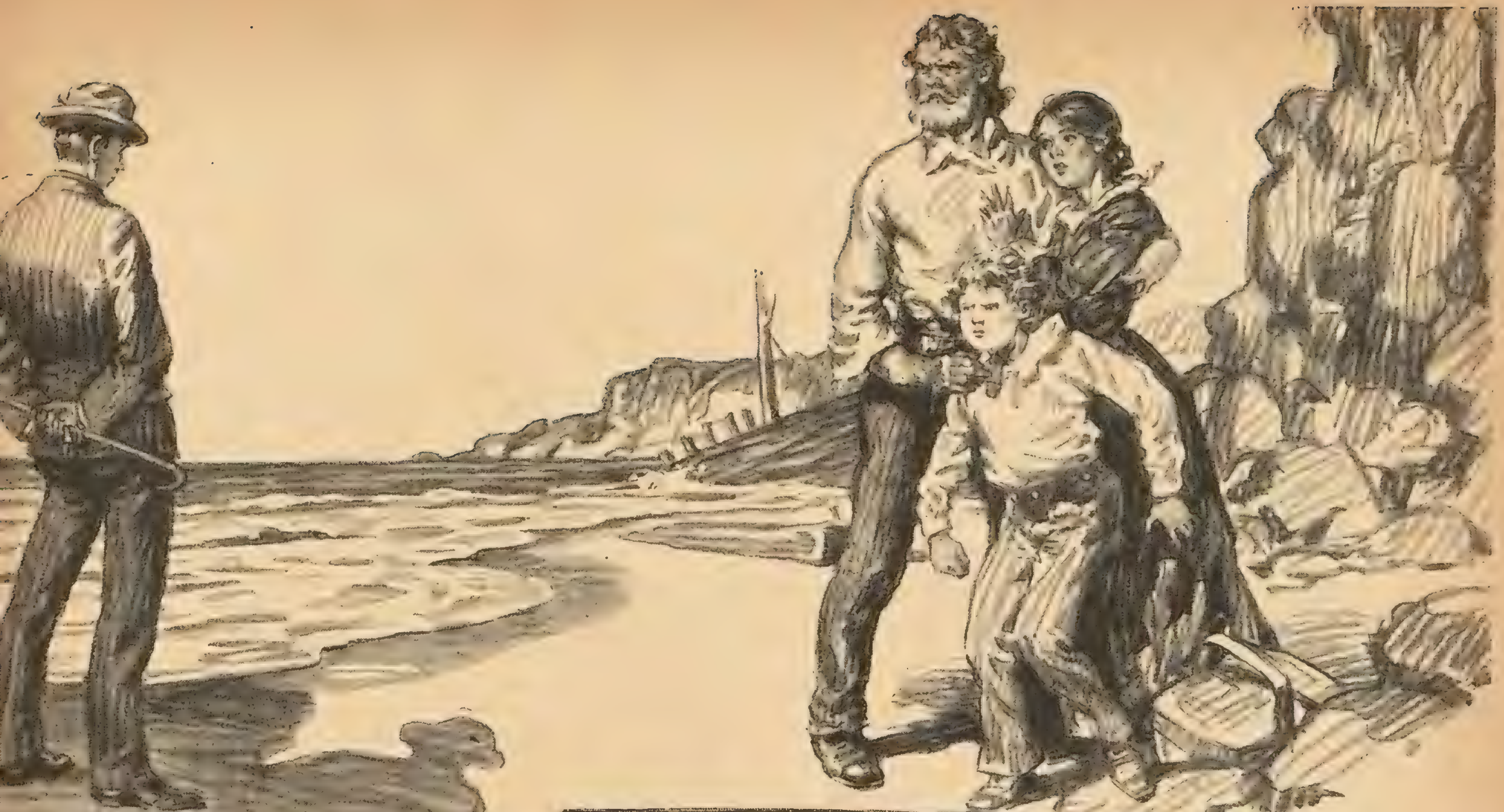
"Gary shall go," said my father steadily. He was talking to the captain, and I had never seen his face so strange. "Gary shall go with you, sir. The place in the boat belongs to you. You have done what you could to save your ship. As for me—" He made a gesture toward my mother. "As for me—it is I who have brought her to this. I shall not leave her."

The captain knew it would be useless to argue. It would have been like arguing with God.

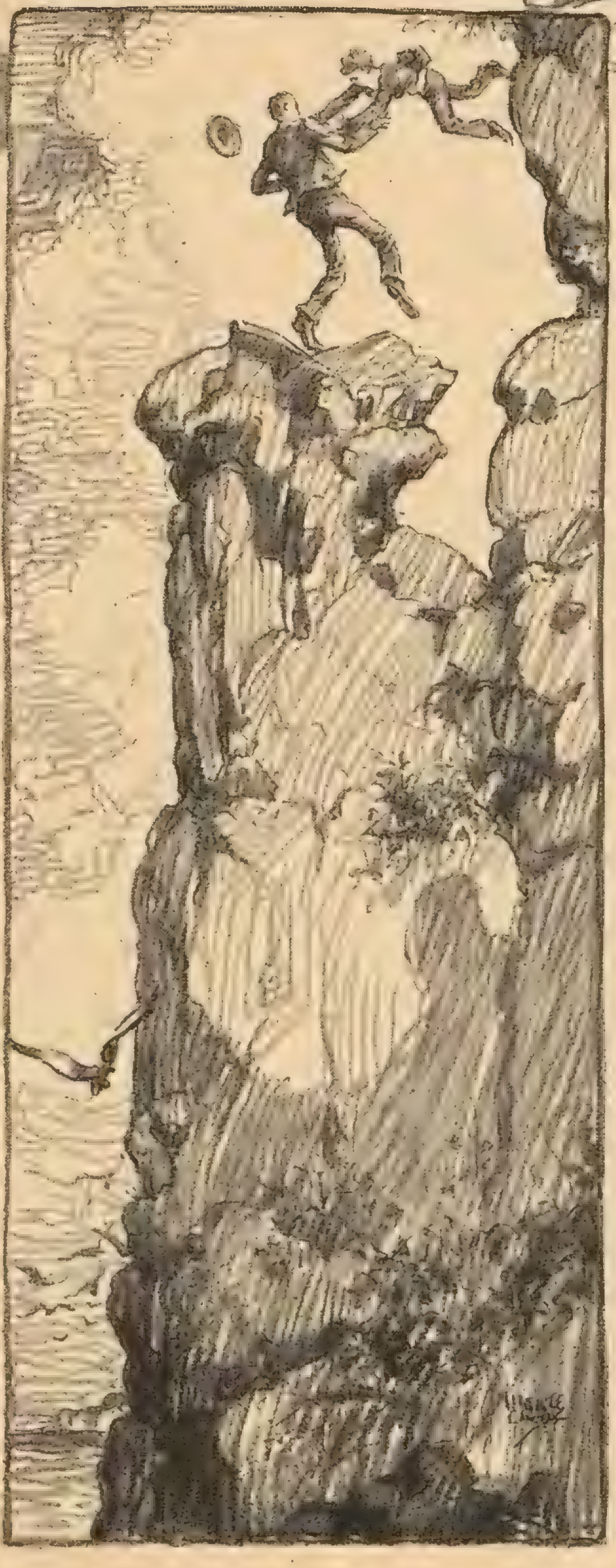
"So be it," he said quietly. "I might have known. And—I shall take the boy?"

My father nodded and turned his back. "Yes." His voice did not change. "If you gentlemen will be so kind. You will please take the boy."

The captain stepped quickly to the bunk and swept me up into his arms, turned and swiftly followed the doctor out of the door. Then realization flooded me as the waves



My mother gave a little gasp. I leaped in front of her instinctively, as if I would protect her.



Before Monty could dream what I intended to do I launched myself straight at his chest.

were flooding the ship, and I knew that he was taking me from my father and my mother forever.

In that moment I saw them in a sharp, clear, oddly arrested vision, as they had always been: my mother, so little and yet so strong, so dark and full of fire, like another child playing at my side, a pixy child that was not quite of this earth; and my great golden man of a father who had been a god to us both. Never to see them again! Such a pain swept over me as I had never known. I felt it stabbing into my side, through my body. My throat felt tight and dry. My eyes were hot. The agony behind them was intolerable.

Never to see them again! To abandon them to the sinking ship and the rushing wild ocean. I couldn't bear it!

I squirmed and leaped so quickly that the captain had no idea of my intent. His hold was loosed, and I lighted catlike on the heaving deck.

" I won't go! " I screamed. " You can't take me away from him. I won't go! "

The captain leaped toward me with a startled oath. But his heavy oiled seaman's clothes impeded his movements, and before he could get near me I raced down the deck and darted into the first doorway that presented itself. I looked wildly about for a place of concealment. I had got into the galley. There was to my left a cubby-hole of a place that the cook had used for odds and ends of his trade. I hurled myself into it, covering myself with some one's hastily discarded pair of soaking dungarees.

THE captain and the doctor rushed into the galley, and I lay as still as I could, not daring to breathe. They dashed out again and on down the ship. They were gone for several minutes. Then I heard them come struggling back along the rolling deck.

" It's no use," the captain was saying sadly. " We might hunt till the ship went down and never find him. We will have to go without him."

" Perhaps it's as well," the doctor said. " Mr. Storm had uncommon courage, leaving that mess behind. That family! If only they don't follow him and—"

Then his voice was only a jumble in the wind, and I lay shivering there and wondering what he could possibly have meant. Through my puzzled thoughts I was conscious of the cries of men, of shouts and calls, as the captain and the doctor joined the others and the boat was cast off.

I think I must have stayed in

that cubby-hole for at least two hours. Then I staggered up the deck and around to my mother's cabin. The small ship's boats had long been gone from sight. I stood in the doorway, staring with all my eyes as I came to the cabin where they two were. But my mother was not dead. She lay in her bunk, smiling up at my father. He was sitting on the stool, holding her hand, and he was smiling also.

"Mother!" I said. "I wouldn't go."

My father gave a great start and turned his head, and again his face went like bronzed stone. His blue eyes stared wide. "God!" he said. "Gary!"

I threw myself toward the bunk. "I wouldn't go away from you!" I sobbed.

My father turned his head slowly to look at my mother. Her eyes were wet but she was still smiling. "Let be, Garvin," she said gently. "Perhaps it's better so. After all, what would become of him without us? Let be."

My father nodded and laid one hand on my shoulder. "There, there, Gary. Don't cry. It's all right. That was a fine manly thing to do. I don't believe we wanted you to leave us. I'm really glad you stayed."

"I—I couldn't go." It was all I could manage.

"Why, of course you couldn't." My father smiled, and his white teeth gleamed above the golden fleece of his beard. "I might have foreseen that. You're *her* son, too."

He said no more, and I quieted, and the sea quieted, and the ship drifted. But the ship did not go down, and my mother did not die. The sun next morning shone on the clean face of the gently undulating waters, and right before us rose a gaunt cliff with a deep cove at its base.

My father saw it through the porthole, and he gave a shout and pointed. "Peri! Look there!" Her name was Margaret but he always called her Peri. He explained to me once that it meant a fairy, a fairy from paradise. She sat up in her bunk, all her old life and fire flaming in her black eyes. She had not sat up for three days.

"Where?" she said. "What?"

"To land," said my father, and I cried out in delight and leaped off the bunk to rush to the porthole and look.

"Land!" said my father, and his voice slowed. "To a graveyard, Peri: to a graveyard of ships."

The current of the sea, which is always doing strange things, had picked that cove beneath the cliff for a resting place of dead and dying ships. I could see them there, sunk in the sand spit running back into the cove, beached on the rocks that bound the spit, ships of different manner and size, at least four of them.

WE found, when we had at last drifted in and grounded on the sand spit against the ribs of an ancient derelict, and the tide had left us there in the early afternoon, that the cove was of peculiar formation, a sort of natural trap, dug deep into the base of the cliff by the pounding seas. The arms of the great bluff that ran back in a sloping mountain from the cliff face curved out around the cove in a wide arc. When the tide was in, the water came almost to the cliff's foot. Anything in that cove was caught and held, captive of the sea. When the tide went down, there was a stretch of sand on which a man might walk around the end of the jutting arm to a long sloping beach.

My father secured what provisions he could carry from the ship's stores, packed them into his pockets and mine, and we went down over the ship's side on the rope ladder, my mother in his arms. We walked along the sand, around the jutting arm to the north, and gained the haven of the sandy beach. At its upper edge there ran a long bank of rocks, small rocks, big rocks, boulders, rocks of every size. Beyond the rocks stretched a level of tree-shaded smiling land. My father carried my mother to the shade of a wind-raked tree and gently laid her down on the sun-warmed grass. Then he turned to smile at me.

"Well, we have come home, my son," he said.

I echoed the word: "Home!"

"To the shore," said my father. "Any fair shore is home, my son. You will learn that."

"Anywhere *he* is," said my mother to me, looking up at my father, "is home."

But of course I knew that.

We had our luncheon there on the beach beneath the wind-raked fir, and my mother even sat up and ate with us, some cheese and ship's biscuits. She was much better. I heard her say to my father, "I couldn't die." I knew that, too. He was there, so she couldn't die.

Presently we saw three men were coming down the beach toward us, men dressed in ordinary fishermen's clothes. My father rose and stood waiting till they drew close; then he approached them and spoke.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said.

"Are you off the ship that washed into the Trap this morning?" one of them asked him quickly—an old man with a strong seamed face and very white hair.

"We are," said my father. "She is my ship."

"Oh!" said the old man. "Is she, now? We always go down and look over the ships that drift in, you see. Maybe find some little thing we can carry home. But we can't take much. Too far to carry it—the way's too rough. We won't bother her, though, if she's your ship, of course."

My father smiled. "You may certainly go look at her. Come along, gentlemen. We will go together."

THEY went off down the beach. My father came back to us presently, and the other three men went back the way they had come.

"We *have* come home," my father said to us. "No matter if it's strange country to us, it's home. We are on the mainland, Peri, of the United States of America. Those men came from the nearest town, a little fishing village some five miles up the coast. The old man with the white hair is named Leverage. The ships are not too battered to be useful. Before the winter can come we shall have a home."

My mother stared. "What do you mean, Garvin? The—the ships?"

My father's smile grew. "Yes, my dear, the ships. Have you forgot that I am a builder? I haven't builded much for a few years, it's true. But I haven't forgotten all I knew. And in those old dead ships, some of them not so old, there are many things. In one is a load of cement, and several sacks of it are still usable. One of them is the bones of a yacht. There are food stores enough to last us for nearly a year. Yes, we shall have a home."

He built it of stone from the beach. He cut down a cedar tree from back in the hills and made shakes for the roof. He lined the rooms with the fine woods from the ships' cabins. He built a fireplace that towered above the roof and would take a six-foot log. The windows of the house were ships' cabin windows, frames and all. Binnacles, chronometers, helms, all manner of things from the ships went to ornament the rooms.

One slender spar top he set up before the house for a flagpole. In the yacht he found our flag, and flew it from the spar top, to flaunt its stars and blue field to the breeze always coming in from the sea. He built a stone wall around it and he called it Seaborne.

Long before it was finished I had made a path up the hillside to the gray crouching rock on the edge of the cliff. We went often and took our lunch there. I wondered continually what the captain and the doctor had meant. What was the mystery surrounding my father? What had he run away from? I heard no clue from him or her—not even a remark that could pertain to it—till the day she asked him about the little village where he had gone a time or two to buy a few fresh articles of food.

"It's only another village," he smiled at her. "What does it matter where we are, Peri? When you think the world well lost for love, and you've lost it, why go hunting for it again? I don't like trouble, do you, Peri?"

And my mother said, "There can be no trouble where you are."

We were on the cliff edge that day, and my father looked soberly down at the creaming rollers and shook his head.

"That's the one place where there's likely to *be* trouble, Peri. If anything should happen that my father should die, they'd jolly well begin hunting for me, all right. *She'd* see to that. And she wouldn't take an abandoned ship as final evidence, either. She'd insist on some trace of that ship's being found, and some positive evidence that I was out of the way for good and all. *She's* got no love for me, you know."

My mother frowned. There was so seldom a frown on her small face that it startled me. The tone of her voice startled me too. "*She's*—not human!" she said sharply. "*She* would have killed you with her own hands if she hadn't been afraid for her pretty neck. No, Garvin; this isn't the end of it. I know. I'm not trying to deceive myself into thinking it will be. She'll never rest, thinking you've bested her. But I'm not borrowing any trouble, either. Soon enough when it comes of itself."

They said no more about the woman they merely called *she*, and I sat there staring down at the sea and wondering what it all meant. But I learned no more till the day my father and I were down on the beach digging clams for our dinner. I dug up a particularly big one and threw it into the ship's bucket in high glee.

"That's bigger than any you've got," I boasted proudly.

"Yes; that's the king clam today, my son," he agreed. "You're very happy here, aren't you?"

I stared. The question seemed so useless. "Of course! Why shouldn't I be? I've you, and mother, and there's nothing else I need. This is living!"

HIS blue eyes brooded down upon me. "Living. Hm-m! Do you think you know the real meaning of life, my son? You're a very small chap to be talking of what is living. Just what do you think *is* living, Gary?"

I shuffled my feet in the sand. "I—it's—just living and being glad to do things, sir."

"No, Gary." He shook his head at me. "Just existing. That's no man's life, my son! Feeling the wind on your face, and the sun in your hair, and the cool water on your bare shins—that's part of it, but only a very small part. A little work, and a little play, and a little pain—that's part of it too. But it's only important, it's only living, when you work and play and suffer for some one you love."

"But there's sin, too," I defended stanchly. "I know that. I heard old man Leverage say so."

"What did old man Leverage say to you?" my father demanded, very suddenly stern.

"He didn't say anything to me," I hastened to explain. "I just saw him down the beach. And he was catching fish out of season, and I heard him making a prayer over every fish, asking the Lord God to forgive him for the sin."

My father's eyes twinkled. "That wasn't properly a sin. The sin would have been had he let his family go hungry because some puny little law said, 'Thou shalt catch no fish this month.' You see, he was only laboring for those he loves. The only sin is in a man's debasing his own integrity. There is no other."

"Did you ever sin, father?"

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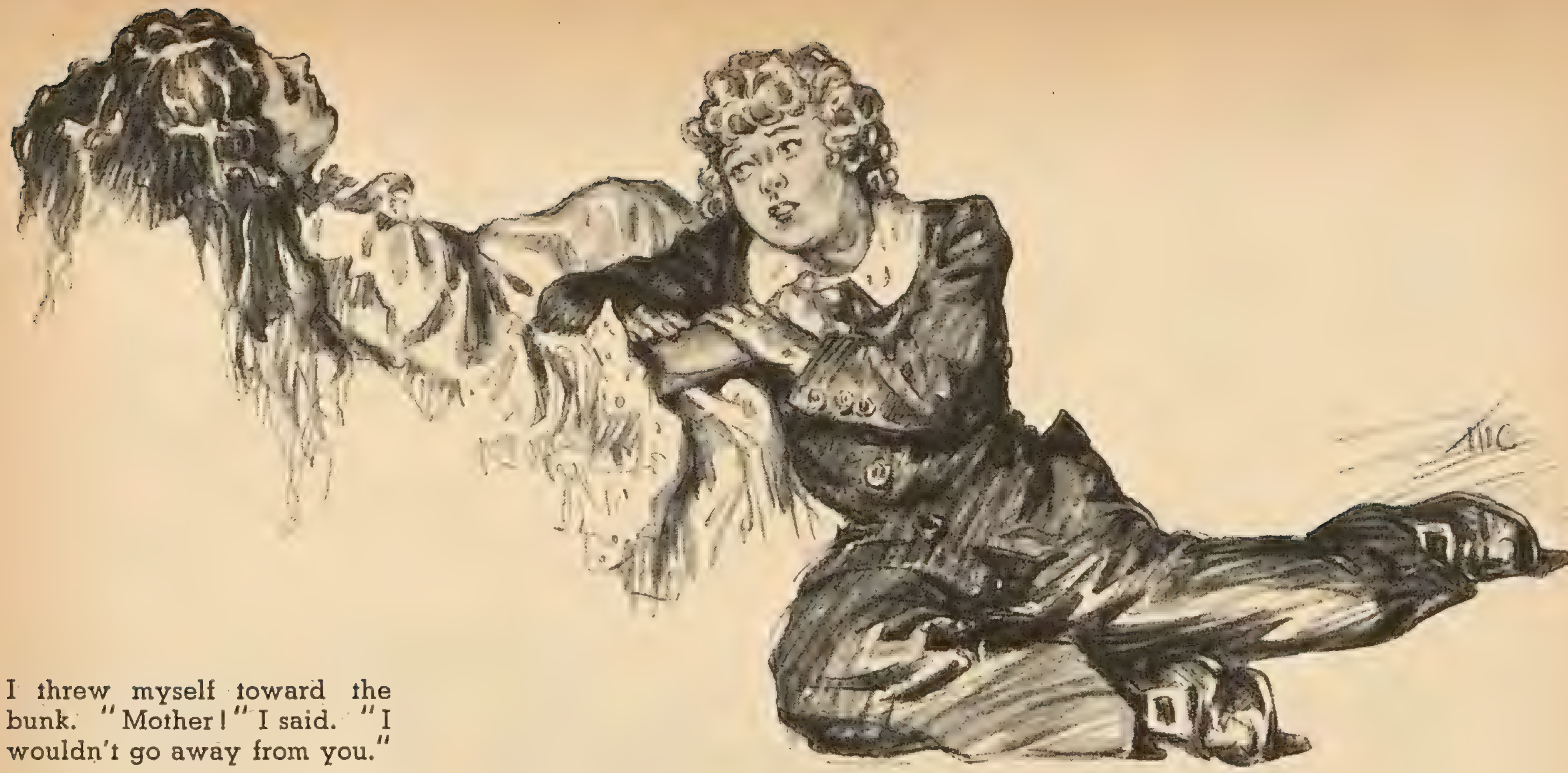

I threw myself toward the bunk. "Mother!" I said. "I wouldn't go away from you."

"Once, my son." His smile was gone. In his blue eyes there was something that hurt me. "Once, long ago, back in England, years before you were born. I sinned because I was afraid to say my soul was my own, and because I bowed to the foolish god of convention. But when I knew how I had sinned, I took your mother and went away. It tried to follow me, and we came—here. What will come of it God knows, Gary. Trouble, I suppose."

We had been living in Seaborne for nearly two years when it came, in the form of a young man—a young man with small mean eyes that I did not like, and with a cruel hard mouth. He came walking down the beach toward me and my father and my mother where we three were looking among the rocks for hermit crabs for my pool. He came with two other men, who walked at a little distance behind him. And when my father saw him he stood very straight and his face went quite white, and my mother gave a little gasp. The young man smiled—such an evil malicious smile that I leaped in front of her instinctively, as if I would protect her.

"Well," he said, and I did not like his voice, either. It was light and high, almost womanish, and it was as evil as his face, unspeakably evil. I heard my mother whisper:

"He looks exactly like *her!*"

"Well," he said. "So I have found you at last—a dutiful parent and a devoted lover." I could not describe the leering sneer in his words.

"Yes," said my father. "Though I don't see how."

"Easily enough." The young man shrugged his thin shoulders. "We knew where the ship was abandoned, and we knew the abandonment was only a ruse. But it didn't work so smoothly as you thought it would. Vina wouldn't give up that easily, you know. Not when—not when Stoneworth died and the title came down."

My father started and my mother gave a little gasp. "So—he died!" said my father. "That evil old man—died." And said no more, but stood staring at the young man.

The young man turned to the other two who had followed him. "You two had better go on back to the village, Harrin," he directed. "I'll stay here for a few days with my—with Lord Stoneworth, till I learn what he intends doing. Just wait there till you hear from me."

They went. The young man turned back to my father. "I suppose you *can* put me up for a bit? There are several things to be talked over, you know."

"Why, yes," said my father, and he was very quiet. "Yes, I can put you up. There are several bunks in the house."

"Bunks!" said the young man.

"Bunks, Monty," said my father. "The whole house is built from rocks and dead ships. Our chairs are ships' stools and our beds are ships' bunks."

"Fancy!" said Monty.

"Quite," said my father. "We're entirely comfortable, thank you. Well, we might as well go to the house where we can sit and talk. Come on, Peri. Come, son."

My mother joined my father, walking sedately by his side, never once looking at the young man Monty. The young man stared at me covertly several times, and I read hate in the small hard gray eyes. As he neared the house he said abruptly:

"So that's the boy, is it?"

My father only nodded, and led the way to the deep porch that ran across one side of the house. "It's nearly meal time, my dear," he said to my mother. "You might make us up a bit of supper. And take Gary with you."

I DIDN'T want to go. I wanted to know what business that nasty young man had with my father. But I followed my mother.

I heard nothing of the talk between my father and the young man. Indeed, I fancy that there was little till after we had eaten and mother and I had quietly gone to bed.

I couldn't sleep, and I finally slipped out of my bunk to the floor and stole through the rooms. I was afraid. I felt that the young man was evil, and I wanted to be certain that he did no harm to my father. It was his voice I heard first as I stopped and huddled safe from detection behind the edge of the partition.

"You can't do that," he was saying. "You simply can't walk out of it like that, you know. It's a matter of duty."

"Oh, duty!" said my father. "I've duties of my own, when it comes to that. I've a house good enough for any man, and I've money to last us a long time yet. I saw to that when I came away."

"Perhaps." I fancied that the young man was smiling. "But it won't last forever. And it won't do to let the estate dissipate. It isn't fair to me. And I can't inherit so long as you live, you know."

"Oh, I knew what was hurting you, Monty." My father's voice was full of scorn. "But you argue in vain. I am not coming back. What comes to you and her, and what doesn't, is no longer any affair of mine. Vina took it all into her own hands, and now I fear you'll both have to abide by it."

"Don't be a fool!" said the young man. "It is no good your persistently clinging to this woman this way. How you can pule after her is more than I can understand. She's little better than a common wh—"

"Stop!" cried my father, and I quaked at the sound.

"Say that word and I'll break your neck with one hand!"

Monty laughed. "You were a fool to run off with her the way you did. Vina would have taken you back any day, till the last, if you had been reasonable enough to come back and apologize for your behavior."

"I wish you wouldn't call your mother Vina," said my father.

"That's her name," retorted Monty coolly. "I've always called her Vina."

"That's why I hate it," snapped my father. I had never heard him snap before. Then his voice tensed. "*Till the last,*" he repeated. "Good God, Monty! You don't mean that *she's* dead, too?"

"Yes," confirmed Monty. "And a good job, too. She wasn't happy, so why stick it out? She died only a few weeks ago. But I kept on hunting for you. We saw through your ruse, and I wanted to settle things with you."

"It was no ruse," said my father. "The ship *was* abandoned."

"Oh, well, have it your way." But he did not believe my father.

"Vina—dead," said my father then, and his voice was stricken.

"Rather." Again Monty laughed. "I knew that would bring you to time. You'll have to be reasonable and give this thing all up. You'll have to put the boy in a home of some kind and pension the woman off, and come back with me. It's the only way."

"This is America," said my father.

"What's that to do with it?" demanded Monty. "Nothing! You know it. There's not only a topping estate. There's a lot of money that can't be left idle just because of your craze over a common woman. You'll have to chuck it."

I shivered, crouched there in terror. He was saying that my father must put my mother away from him, put me in a home, and go back with him. Back to England, I knew.

UTTERLY demoralized, afraid to hear more, I crept away and went into my mother's room. Sobbing, my voice smothered against her pillow, I told her what I had heard. She lay quite still, holding me tight. I pulled myself free and looked at her. In the light of the candle burning clear in the little ship's lantern at the head of the bed, she was very white, and in her eyes was all of the pain of the world.

"What is it?" I whispered. "He won't do it, will he? Father won't go?"

"He'll have to, Gary." Her lips were so dry that she wetted them with her tongue. "He has nothing to say about it, I'm afraid. I knew it would have to come, but oh—I wasn't ready! I suspect—I suspect I'd never have been ready."

"But what'll we do?" I whimpered. "Where can we go? How can we live without him?"

"I don't know," said my mother, and the words choked and broke. "I—don't—know. We can't live. We'll just have to go on somehow."

Then I remembered what he had said on the beach that day: Unless you had some one you loved to work for and play for and suffer for, you didn't live—you only had to go on. I was suffering then with her.

"But who is he—that Monty?" I cried. "Why does my father have to listen to him?"

"You wouldn't understand," said my mother. Her voice was still breaking. "Monty has a prior claim on him. I can't explain that to you now. Some day, when you're grown. It's no good crying, dear. We'll just have to—go on somehow."

IT was late when my father came in, after having shown Monty to a room, and I had sobbed myself to sleep in my mother's arms. I woke when he touched me, and stirred, and my mother said to him, her voice one low cry of pain:

"Don't take him—don't! It—it had to come. We always knew that. You—you're going—when?"

"Soon," said my father. "But—*we* are going somewhere first. After all, there is nothing they can do about that, you know. I am my own master. And Vina is dead too, Peri."

My mother shivered and her arms tightened about me. "Yes—she is dead. Too late. Too late!"

My father sat down on the edge of the bunk and took one of her hands. "It is never too late for some things, my dear. Remember that. It is never too late when the heart is right. The rest of it will come out somehow, in time, if we only hang on and have faith in our own integrity. Tomorrow we are going to the town, and from there we'll hire a conveyance to another town not far away. In that other town there are ministers and licenses and all things needful."

"Oh, Garvin!" my mother cried. "Now?"

"Hush!" cautioned my father. "Yes, dear, now. It is all the safeguard I can give you."

Suddenly my mother began to cry; but I had the queer feeling that she was crying because she was happy over something.

"Don't, Peri." My father's voice was very gentle. "Don't, dear. I told you once that I could never get used to the sight of tears of joy. Tears belong to sorrow. We'll have to leave Gary here for the day with Monty. I've warned him to say nothing to the boy. We'll have to chance it. Come, now; quiet down. I'll take Gary to his bunk. We must be up early."

They were. Up and off early. They both kissed me good-by, and told me to entertain Monty while they were gone, and be a good boy, and they went away hand in hand, not even looking at Monty. He stood sneering after them, and I wanted to hit him. But I only asked if he liked to dig clams. He laughed.

"I never like to dig anything," he said. He looked at me curiously, and again I saw that hate, thinly veiled. I wondered why he should hate me.

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I took him down to the beach to show him the sand dollars and white winkles. There was a young skate caught between the rocks in the wash, and I exclaimed in delight, because I thought it was a queer thing, yet rather luring.

He picked up a rock and smashed its head, just because I liked it, I knew. But I wouldn't cry. I turned away, and he laughed, a nasty ugly laugh.

It took me a few minutes to get my anger and grief under control, as well as my aversion to him, but I finally managed to ask him civilly if he'd like to go up to the cliff head and see the view of the sea. I wouldn't show him the little house I had built there. I knew he'd smash that too.

"Well, I never was one for walking," he answered me. "But I suppose we might as well. It will be something to do, anyway."

As we walked up the trail I was thinking how despicable he was, how I wished he had never come. He was making my mother suffer. He had put deep lines in my father's face overnight. He had made dark shadows of anguish burn in the blue eyes that should have been always smiling.

I couldn't understand yet what it was all about, and I said to him suddenly, boldly, when we were almost at the top:

"What does my father have to go away for?"

He looked at me intently, and a queer sly expression came into his little hard eyes. "Because he'll be happier there," he said slowly, as if he were trying to find the words he could relish best.

"He will have money—more money than you will ever see. He will be a great man, such as he can never be with you and her hanging like millstones around his neck. He was a wicked cur to his father, and now he has got to make up for it."

"He was not!" I cried. "He's not wicked to anybody."

Monty grinned at me, and it was like a vile beast licking its jaws. "I knew him before you did, you little fool. He ran away from home, and learned to do common things, building great buildings and the like. He can't run away any longer. He has to go back, to take up the estate his father left for him. He has to do it for my sake."

"I don't believe it!" I cried angrily.

We had come to the top of the cliff, and I had almost forgotten that I had brought him to gaze at the vista of the sea. I only knew that I hated him, that he was mean and low, and that I was afraid of him.

"You'll have to believe it," he said, and his beastly grin persisted. "He has a duty to me, and he's got to come through with it. I know why he went away today. Does he think I'm idiot enough that I don't? I know what ceremony is to be performed. But it is a silly piece of business, merely to leave her with the letter of protection, because he knows he doesn't dare take you and her back there.

"He thinks she'll inherit then, when he's gone. I'll see to that! She'll get nothing. And you'll get—plenty! But he has to go. He has a duty to me, and he acknowledged it to me last night."

"What is he to you?" I demanded. "You don't know what you're saying. I don't believe any of it."

MONTY turned on the edge of the cliff, just beyond the crouching gray rock where I had stopped, and he glanced down at the sea hundreds of feet below. I saw that the tide was going out.

Then he turned back to me, and his face was hard again and twisted with that insolent leer that seemed natural to him.

"He is *my* father too," he said, his evil eyes half devouring me, taunting me. "Do you understand that, you little bastard? He is my father too. And he goes with me!"

I stood huddled on the gray rock, staring into his face, and I knew that it was true. It didn't make things much clearer, only it made it clear to me why my father had to go. This evil vicious-faced Monty was my father's son, too. Older than I, like as two peas to the vicious *she* my father had left behind. He was here to take my father away—to leave my mother forever with that awful agony in her eyes, to leave her to die slowly without him. She had said that wherever he was, was home. There was no life for her without him. She had found the meaning of all life—and he had found it in working and playing and suffering for her. And now he was to be taken away from her because of Monty.

But—if there were no Monty? And suddenly I saw the way out for all of us.

It was a long way down, but it would be over quickly and it wouldn't hurt—much. And that ghastly look would go out of my mother's eyes, and my father would never go away from her.

Before Monty could dream what I intended, I straightened and from my perch on the big rock I launched myself straight at his chest. I struck him like a flying boulder, with such force that he had no chance for himself at all.

I gripped him about the neck with both arms, hard, and he let out a strangled cry—a cry of horror—and he stumbled backward and was catapulted from the cliff, flung far out into the air, with me hanging to his neck like a leech.

I HAD one breathless moment of exultation, of seeing that awful look fading from my mother's eyes, of seeing my father laugh again. I knew what he meant by living as I was about to die. I knew what he meant by suffering for some one you love. I knew a kind of great calm peace as I saw the sea and the rocks rushing up at me, as Monty and I turned over and over in the air. He had burst into cursing wildly—hideous words such as I had never heard.

But above the filthy sound of it rang the echo of my father's voice: "Living—it's only when you work and play and suffer for some one you love. Otherwise there's only a useless going on." She would never have to go on without him now.

Then the world went black and everything died, and I knew nothing.

I woke, hours later, with the sea washing in my face, and heard my father's voice. I looked up, to see him and my mother and old man Leverage and several men from the village bending over me. One of them was the village doctor.

My mother was sobbing. I tried to sit up, but I couldn't. And I saw that the tide was coming in.

Then I felt something under me, and twisted my head around to look. There was Monty, looking hideous and queer, and a great gash was cut in one side of his face, a part of his head was torn away, and there was only a great bloody hole where one eye should have been. All the sea water about his head was stained red.

I gasped and turned my head away. I looked up at my father.

"You won't go away now? He's dead, isn't he?" I stumbled eagerly over the words. "You won't go away now he's dead?"

My father choked and I saw him swallow very hard. His voice was husky. "No, my son; I shall not go away. There is no reason for me to go now. Yes, he is dead. How did it happen, Gary?"

"He—he fell off the cliff," I said. Then I remembered how he hated a lie. "No—he didn't fall off. I knocked him off. I jumped on him and knocked him off. I hated him.

"He called me a bastard. I didn't want you ever to go away from mother, ever. What's a bastard, father?"

"My God!" My father put his hands to his eyes, as if he were wiping something away from them. But he did not answer my question. He turned to the doctor, and he was smiling—the queerest smile I had ever seen there on his face, it was so twisted, and it was more bitter than that; yet in a strange way it was glad.

Something of it all then became clear to me. I knew why my father had submitted to the thought of wringing his heart between his hands and going from us: he would have gone back there and made the path legally straight for my mother and me, even while it was death in his soul to leave her, to make the future a surer thing for us both. And he would have known, even while he was going, that very probably he would never see either of us again.

A choice of two deaths of the soul, and he had to take the one that maneuvered the safe road for us in days to come, regardless of the agony of the now. I knew in that moment what a brave man my father was.

"Doctor," he said, "will you examine him quickly, to see if he can be moved? We can get him and the—the body out of here before the tide gets in too far; but we shall have to run for it."

The doctor bent down, and I felt his hands going quickly, lightly, all over my body. Then he stood up. "I can't tell with so superficial an examination just how badly he may be hurt, your lordship."

"You may stop that!" said my father. "I am Mr. Storm."

"Y-y-yes, sir," stammered the doctor, taken aback. "He can be moved, sir."

My father picked me up in his arms. I felt queerly numb. But I was alive when I had expected to be dead.

FATHER started down the beach at a long stride, and the others stayed behind a moment to pick up Monty's body. I never saw it again. I closed my eyes, conscious that my mother was half running to keep pace with my father, and I did not open them again till he laid me down upon my bunk and the doctor took time to go over me very carefully from head to foot. When he had done, he looked at my father with a pitying glance and spoke something very low. My mother cried out:

"Oh, Garvin! Never to walk again!"

"Hush!" said my father. "Hush! He shall have everything. Even all *they* have stored up, if he wants it. There are years for that. Hush, Peri. These things sometimes abate. Even injuries to the spine. And he is very young. Thank you, doctor. Will you kindly leave us now? We all need rest. My wife—" Something deep shone in his eyes. "My *wife*"—he emphasized the word a little, and I wondered why—"will be glad to give you some coffee."

"No," said the doctor. "I know when to go, Mr. Storm. God bless you, sir. And that boy. God bless him, too, and make him understand that he must not take life—"

"Hush!" said my father sternly. "Remember that he was offering to give life also."

THE doctor went out very quickly, and I saw him wiping his eyes. (He saw it his duty to report what he chose to call justifiable homicide, and they had to carry me into court for the trial. It was not much of a trial when the jury understood. They said "Not guilty.")

When we got home and they had laid me down, my mother wilted beside me on the bed. "Oh, Gary, Gary!" she sobbed, but her eyes were like stars under the tears. "Why did you do it? Why?"

"Peri!" said my father, and I looked at him in amazement, his voice was so full of something that exulted to the sky. His beard, like golden fleece upon his face, his blue eyes, everything about him shone. Never was he more like a god to me than then. He was not going away. He smiled down at her, at me; I thought he was smiling at all the world. He said softly:

"We know why he did it. We *know* why."

THE END

S. Bayard Colgate to Speak on Broadcast of Liberty Forum Nov. 15

S. BAYARD COLGATE

S. Bayard Colgate, president of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., will be the guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty radio program, Thursday evening, November 15.

Mr. Colgate represents the fifth generation of his family to direct the 128-year-old company—one of the oldest in American business.

Speaking recently on problems of recovery, Mr. Colgate stated that he believed that each industry must work out an efficient plan for its own organization. By concentrating on the solution of special problems of their own trade, business leaders would find the quickest road to recovery.

Mr. Colgate's talk will be preceded by a dramatic narrative by Edwin C. Hill.

The Forum of Liberty is broadcast at 8:30 P. M., eastern standard time, every Thursday over the following Columbia Broadcasting System stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX, Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

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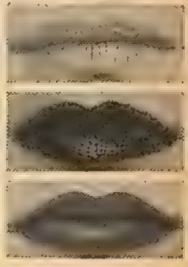

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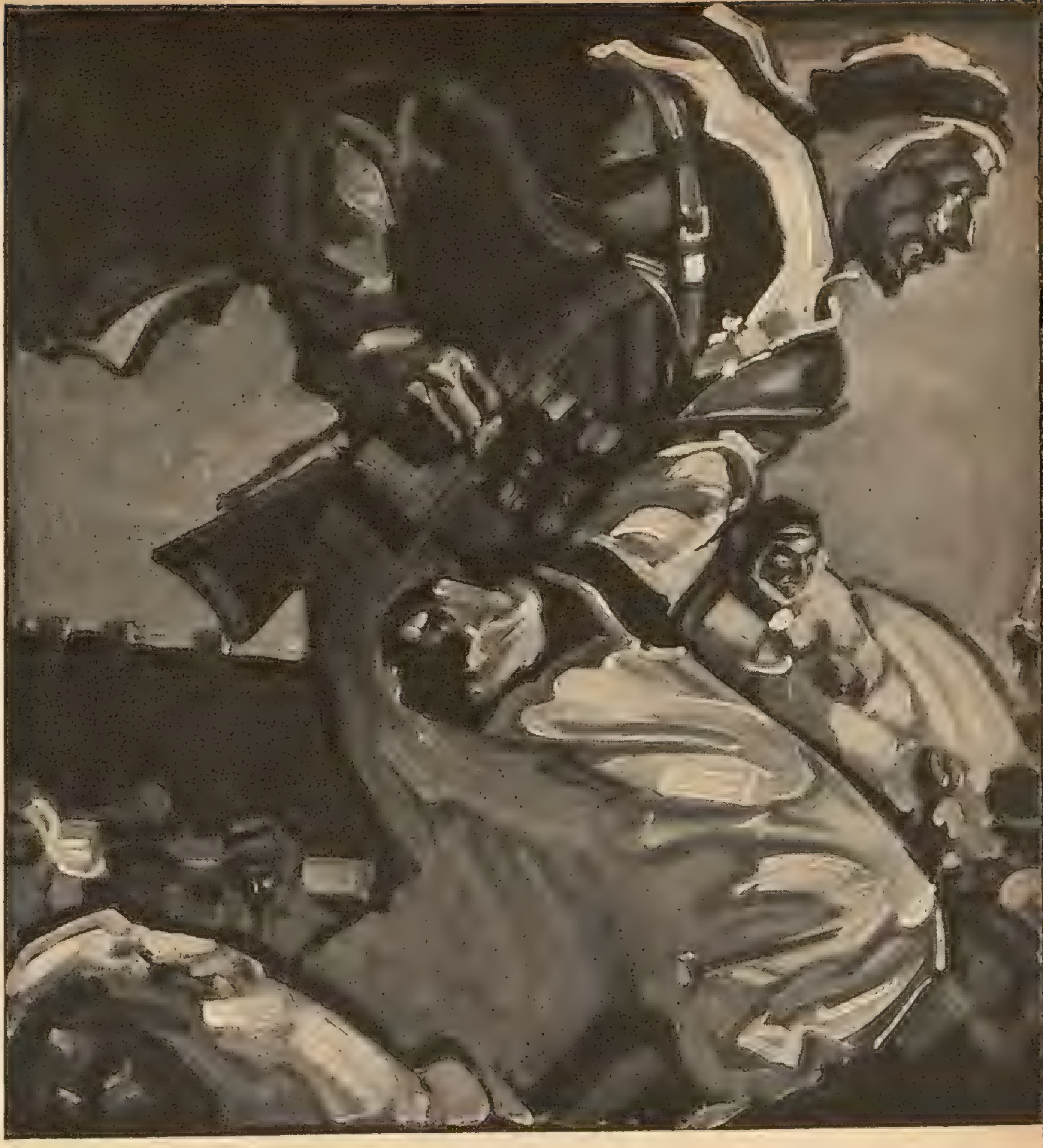
Gun Runners . . . a Battle Royal . . . and the Queen of Bagdad's Dope Ring! Continuing a Stirring Saga of the Desert Patrol



We thoroughly enjoyed the little skirmish—in spite of the knives that seemed to us to flash in all directions.

Hell

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MR. BLACKLEDGE, co-author with Ex-Legionnaire 1384 of Hell Hounds! and Hell Hounds at Bay Again, now relates the adventures of three other ex-Legionnaires as members of the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol. They are the hard-bitten Armstrong, Digger Craven (who tells the story), and Gyppo, a little half-caste Egyptian. They deserted from the Foreign Legion in Syria, and after five days in the desert were overtaken by horsemen—who proved, however, to belong to the patrols. So the fugitives were not only in friendly hands but on British territory. Having recuperated, they joined up with the Fourteenth Patrol, whose Skipper was a young Englishman known as Smith Sahib.

The patrol turned out on camel back to hunt a self-styled Ameer, wanted for robbery and brutality to white girls. In a hard fight Smith Sahib was killed; the Ameer got away—but Armstrong, now made Skipper, showed a grim determination to catch him and deal with him personally. Armstrong's rescue of an Armenian girl from a native slave-owner won for him information of the Ameer's little plan to surround the patrol by night. This enabled him to ambush the would-be ambushers, and to mete out to the Ameer a punishment dreadful to a Moslem by hanging him in a pig's skin.

The next assignment was to track down an elusive bunch of gun runners. Meanwhile a young American, Bain, had joined the patrol. " It was he, by sheerest accident, who put us on the trail," says Digger, " and I was with him at the time."

PART TWO—SNATCHED BY A TIGRESS

WE were strolling one evening through the more shady alleys of Ana when Bain pulled up suddenly and drew me into a doorway.

" What's on? "

" Say! That guy who's just passed us," quoth he. " Where in hell have I seen his jowl before? There he is!—the guy in the tarboosh and stovepipe cotton trousers. . . . Sure! Now I've got him placed, all right. Come on! Let's trail him an' I'll talk as we go."

Wondering what it was all about, I went, footing it as cautiously as he of the black silky beard, as ready as he for any adventure, disturbance, or scrap that would break the deadly monotony of that particular period.

" I've crossed trails with that guy on two or three occasions. The first was early in 1920, when I was a kid and was having my baptism of experience. I'd left home in Dakota to travel north of Mesopotamia with an American Mission. We were in Bakuba, a li'l' spot on the Diala north of Bagdad, with fifty thousand refugees the British were looking after—the left-overs of a great war that nobody back home knew anything about, nor cared seemingly. Well, that guy's name was Gruener then, an' he didn't wear cotton trousers of the stovepipe pattern. He was a big noise, helping with the poor little refugees. Yeah! An' he was pinched for selling their ration issue to Arabs in the bazaar."

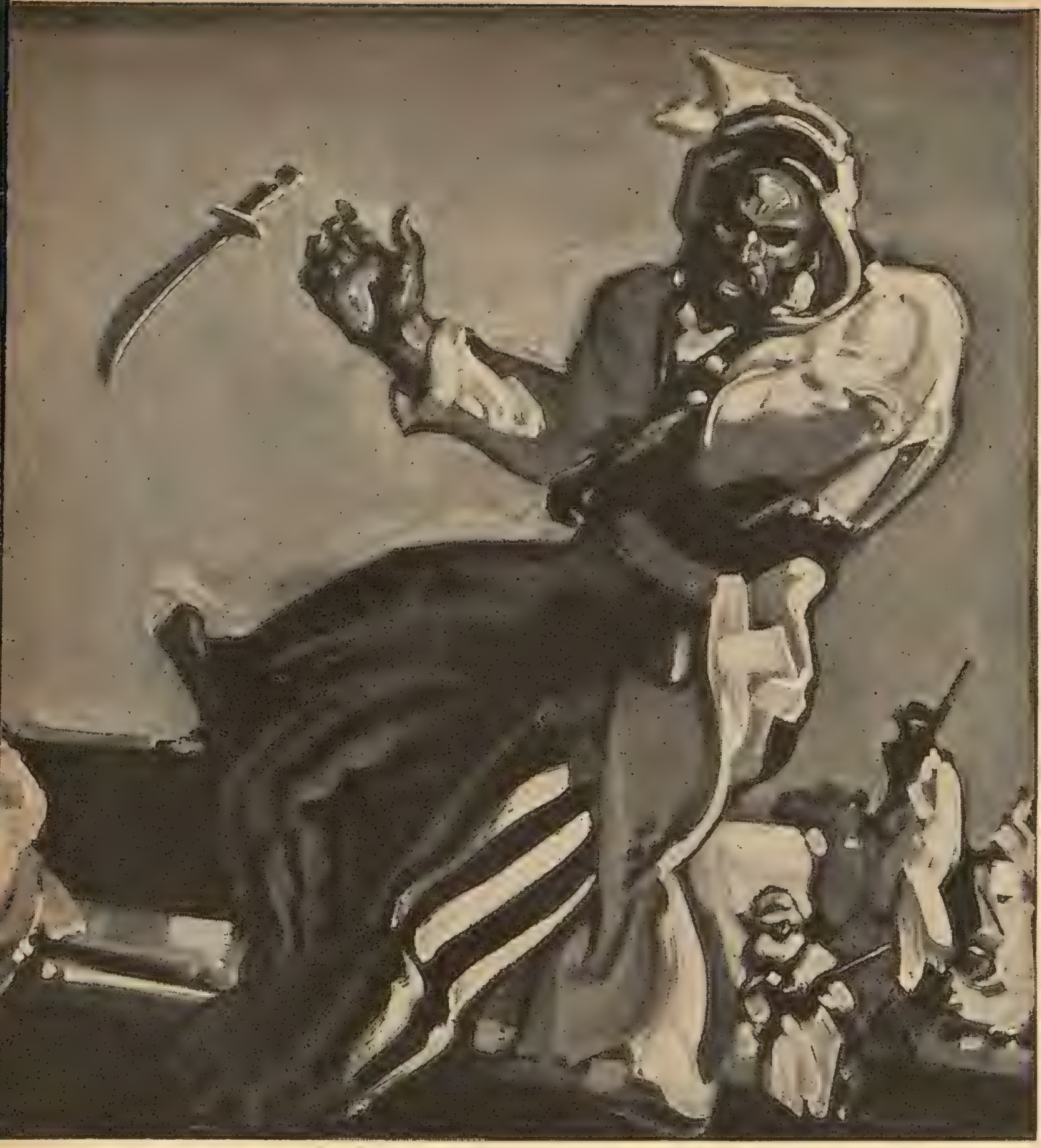
" Interesting feller, huh? "

" Sure, Digger. As slick as gun grease."

" Eh! And maybe he's a gun runner—maybe! "

" Betcher sweet life he's around for the benefit o' Gruener an' nobody else. That guy's so crooked he c'd hide behind a corkscrew. I was on the spot when they had the powwow over him. A nasty piece o' work, his record. Say, listen. The next time I met up with him was in Egypt, just before I found my way to Sidi-el-Hani and joined that crazy mob that rides mules in the God-forsaken Legion. I'll never forget it. Boy! He got five years for robbery with violence. I'll say I've seen a few soldiers here an' there, in the Legion an' out of it, but never anything as slimy as that—"

Bain's voice trailed off into silence. Gruener was



Riders

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

turning into the bazaar. We watched him approach the booth of an antique dealer, an old Arab with a snow-white beard and a mahogany skin with enough creases in it to hold a ten-days rain.

Nice pair! And what was this innocent-looking antique shop, anyway? Had the old Arab got anything else in the way of armory besides those brass-studded pistols and Crusader swords? I wondered.

"Would this Gruener recognize you, Bain?"

"Nope. Not in these fancy-dress clothes and the beard. Don't think he'd remember me even without the chin mat. I was just a spectator lookin' on at his li'l' doin's, and didn't come into 'em in any official capacity."

I left Bain on guard and got out of the bazaar and beyond the town walls like greased lightning. In ten minutes I was telling the tale to the Skipper, who was just on the point of leaving camp. In less than half an hour we had joined Bain. He was still watching the antique shop, but Gruener and the Arab were nowhere in sight.

"They gone inside?"

"Yep. I guess they thought they'd like a li'l' privacy for their confab."

"D'you think there's anything in it, Skipper?"

"It's worth trying, Digger. Get this, now. I'm the chief of a band anxious to buy a stock of guns and equipment. I'll do all the parleying. You two, being my lieutenants, will keep mum. Not a word, mind, but keep your eyes skinned. Got that? Come on!"

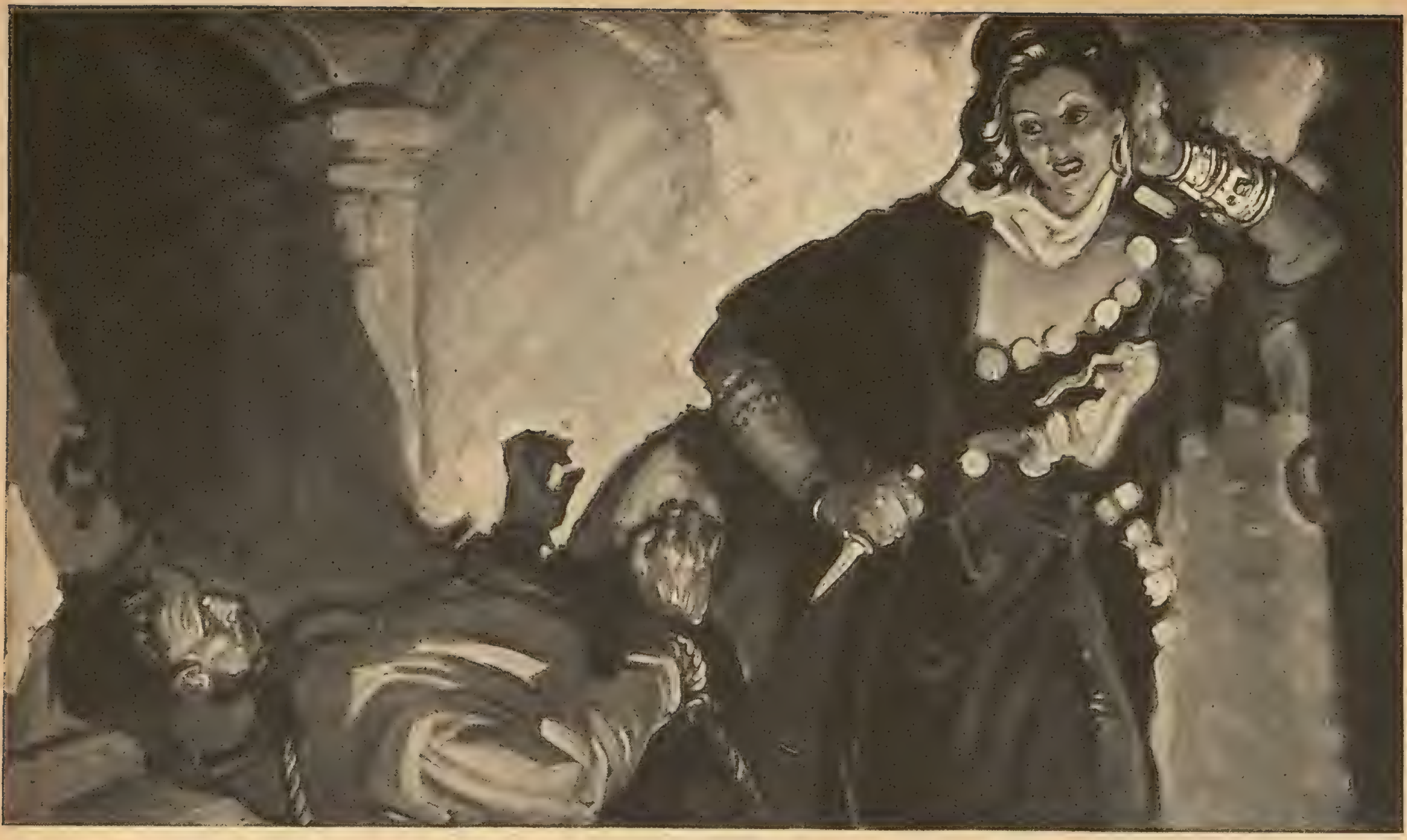
We followed in the wake of Armstrong through a lane of rubbishy antiques to the interior of the shop. The Skipper yelled a greeting in Arabic and the old man suddenly appeared from a room at the back. The two chatted in low tones, gesturing, whispering. The old Arab began to smile, shaking his head, making a negative gesture with his gnarled old hands, even shrugging his shoulders—as if to say, "You've come to the wrong shop!"

BUT the Skipper persisted. The parley went on and on. I knew enough Arabic to realize that Armstrong was talking big money, and that brought a subtle change in the wrinkled old face of the antique dealer. At last the old fellow made a gesture toward the inner room. We followed him inside. Nothing there to arouse our suspicions—except Gruener, who was squatting on a mat playing with a mongrel puppy.

Gruener was thin almost to the point of emaciation, and dark like a Spaniard. A mystery and probably a half-breed. He looked up as we entered, wondering no doubt what these three "Bedouins" could be done for. The old man introduced the Skipper and explained his requirements. We all sat native fashion and stared. It is the habit of Arabs to stare in silence on such occasions. The Skipper had had his say. The next move was Gruener's. He pondered a long time. I noticed that Bain had folded his *haik* thickly about his eyes. Evidently he was not taking any chances with Gruener.

The half-breed turned to Armstrong, asking him to repeat his offer. Apparently it was too good to be ignored. The Skipper explained that he had a band of sixty men, most of whom were true Sons of the Prophet who could not use the ordinary rifle, since those weapons had to be cleaned with grease from the pig and the Koran taught that pork was unclean. He had heard of the nickel-steel carbines that the Germans made and which were said to work for a year without cleaning. He would buy a hundred such guns, together with ten thousand rounds of ammunition. He had searched long for that kind of weapon. It was the ideal one for men of the Moslem faith. Could his brothers help?

The upshot of it all was that Gruener promised to lead the Skipper and his men to a place beyond the mountain



She began to play with a knife, an ornamental thing as keen as a razor. I thought my last hour had arrived.

pass where such weapons could be bought in large quantities. After making arrangements for setting out at dawn next day, we hurried back to camp.

There Skipper Armstrong gathered the patrol together and outlined the scheme. He had some difficulty in restraining them. The whole bunch went wild with glee. After weeks of monotonous and purposeless trekking we were to get busy at last. The Wahabis in particular were overjoyed. They prayed to Allah to bring the dawn quickly that they might set out on this new venture. From being a sullen, irritable mob we had now become a bunch of mettlesome, high-spirited tough customers ready for anything.

A memorable dawn! I shall not soon forget the picture that the patrol made riding out to the pass, a single file of camels with hooded and heavily cloaked riders. The fellow who wrote " See Naples and die " hadn't seen a string of camels move along a ridge of sand at dawn, or he would have written " See a camel cavalcade at dawn and live! "

Sixty silent figures in voluminous burnooses, moving without a sound, either from riders or velvet-footed beasts. But every man was keyed up to fighting pitch, thirsting for a scrap, and they were being led to the culmination of their desire by one Gruener! The Wahabis, in some respects like so many children, had spent the night in chuckling, humorous anticipation. Sleep had not worried them. They felt they had slept long enough, anyway.

I had no doubt, as I watched them file by me into the pass, that beneath the heavy folds of their cloaks hands itched for the knife hilt, fingers played with gun trigger. Fighting instincts were roused but their composed features betrayed nothing. As for the European element, they were in much the same case. A deadly, ominous calm indeed!

We trekked through until past noon, over mountain ranges, sandy desert stretches, following a precipitous and rocky zigzag trail until we came upon a camel track that led across a grassy plateau to the foot of the mountains; and there, nestling under a great pile of rock, was a picturesque castle fortress. It was like some great ærie in the mountain side.

The gates stood wide open, permitting the patrol to pass through in the wake of Gruener. In the courtyard were camels, mules, and horses in charge of a number of Kurds and Bedouins. We halted. At a word from the Skipper the patrol wheeled into single rank under the wall and facing the terraced façade of the castle.

Armstrong had chosen Bain and myself, as well as two of the most powerful Wahabis, to accompany him as bodyguard, leaving Gyppo in charge of the patrol. We passed through a bunch of Arab retainers, who eyed us with curious but friendly glances. They recognized Gruener and gave him humble obeisance.

Following Gruener, we entered the *mihmankhana,* or guest room, where we were introduced to the chieftain of this secret stronghold.

" The peace of Allah be with you! " said he.

" And with thee be the mighty Allah's peace," answered Armstrong.

THE Skipper's eyes, I noticed, had narrowed. Had he run up against this sheik before? It seemed to me that things might happen suddenly. We did not prolong the chatter. We wanted to see those dungeons below, to get a glimpse of the armory that lay underneath this pile of rock.

And a veritable armory it was! There were enough weapons and ammunition there to equip a battalion—antique and modern, Enfields, Springfields, Lee-Metfords, French Lebels and " Germausers," the nickel-steel carbines of which Armstrong had spoken to the old-timer in the bazaar at Ana. The Skipper made a liberal selection. In fact, he very nearly emptied the cellars of the more modern pieces, ammunition as well. The sheik's men laboriously carried the stuff into the courtyard. A smart move on the part of Armstrong, since it saved his own patrol a great deal of trouble later!

All this time I was wondering how he would let the cat out of the bag. But that bit of satisfaction was taken from his hands suddenly and unexpectedly. A great towering Nubian ran forward, bursting in among us as we stood there in the courtyard playing this thrilling game of make-believe, and freed the feline with a vengeance! It was the same Nubian whom Armstrong had felled with a single blow on that occasion when he had rescued the Armenian girl.

The Skipper laughed as he heard himself denounced by the excited native. The situation looked decidedly ugly. As he hearkened to the tale, the sheik's face was a perfect study in changing expression — incredulousness predominating. His followers crowded about us menacingly. Gruener gave a yell and lifted his pistol. He promptly received a blow on the wrist from Bain which put him out of action forthwith.

"You're not safe with a rod," growled the American.

Then the sheik woke up and yelled an order to his men. Another second and we were in the prettiest free-for-all fight you could wish. A bunch of natives came for a close-up and we received them with fists, and while we hit about just for the fun of getting our limbs loosened, shots began to rend the air. Gyppo and his patrol were firing into the air as a signal that they were waiting for the Skipper's command to attack. They dared not fire at the mob surrounding us, and for a few minutes it looked as if we should fare badly.

NEVERTHELESS we thoroughly enjoyed the little skirmish—in spite of the knives that seemed to us to flash in all directions. I rather imagine that Armstrong wasn't wanting the help of his boys. For the moment he was having too good a time with the sheik—until there came the familiar rat-tat-tat, tat-tat, tat-tat of a machine gun. Gyppo was spraying the ground at our very feet.

It sobered the mob around us. Natives with broken jaws appeared to be lying about in heaps. Armstrong had the sheik tied up with his own girdle. It was a lovely sight. The patrol closed in. Not a man was permitted past the legs of their camels. Neat. That wiry little devil, Gyppo, could always be relied upon. I believe he'd go to hell for "Amstring."

"Now, we got to move quickly," snapped the Skipper. "We've two hours before sunset, and we must have this mob tied up before then."

A bunch of Wahabis went into the castle to ferret out the rest of the sheik's men who had attempted to hide until we should be gone.

Getting the remainder of the guns and ammunition from below, stowing it in the camel packs, and tying the prisoners to our beasts kept us going for the better part of an hour. And what a mob it was! I have seldom seen such a wretched, disreputable-looking bunch! A number had been brought up from the dungeons—chained prisoners of the sheik, mere skin and bone wrapped in filthy rags, blinking stupidly at the unaccustomed daylight. God knows how long they had been starving down there. They were glad enough to be prisoners of the patrol anyway.

In the Foreign Legion you march or die. Since the patrols cannot carry Black Marias everywhere they go, their prisoners must either trot with the camels or die.

But before we started off on our nightlong trek to Ramadi, our headquarters, there was, it seemed, a little diversion due to us.

It came from the Skipper and his prisoner sheik. That chieftain was pretty much the same as another. He wore the burnoose, the *haik,* and an embroidered knife girdle. In appearance, quite an ordinary specimen—until the Skipper, standing him up in front of the whole crowd, began to address him in plain straightforward English.

"When you gave me the Peace of Allah," said Armstrong, "your salaam was more like the slick Legion salute than a pukka Arabian greeting!"

We stared. Skipper Armstrong hadn't made a study of Arabian etiquette for nothing.

"What's more," he went on, "a pukka sheik never permits a guest to enter his *mihmankhana* with his sandals on. I did that with the intention of making trouble at the start. You didn't notice. A pukka Arabian with pale-blue eyes is so rare a phenomenon that I would question it on sight. I did. That led me to your beard, which, though genuine and undoubtedly grown on your face, is dyed. Nothing in that. Sheiks often dye their beards, but usually a bright color in accordance with racial religious customs. You should keep your *haik* properly adjusted—otherwise you're apt to give your head away. How long since you left the Legion?"

"Go to hell!"

"Quite. For a chieftain of northern Arabia, you have a remarkable command of English. I can understand any man slipping the Legion; but why associate with a noisome insect like gun-running Gruener?"

"Cut the cackle, for God's sake!"

"Not before I've given you a bit of advice. When you come out of jail, join us! There are no bloodthirsty sergeants and no floggings in our mob. You're a man after my own heart. Besides, this you can't deny—you'd get all the fun you want in the Irak Desert Patrols.

"*Marchez au trot!*" bawled the Skipper.

. . . . . .

A MAN with the inside of his mouth as black as the pit is not by any means a common sight, even in the East. Indeed, he is a very rare bird. That was why I sat up and took notice when I came upon one such individual in a coffee house in Bagdad.

That sort of jet-black mouth means only one thing—dope. Not just dope in the pocket, but dope in process of cultivation. The man's presence in this coffee house clearly indicated that not very far away the cocaine plant was being cultivated and that he was one of the cultivators who tended the shrubs.

"Gyppo," quoth I, "we're on a job."

Gyppo grinned. Gyppo would.

"Thought we were on holiday, Digger. Please to explain."

Our presence in Bagdad, by the way, was due to the fact that we had transferred a number of prisoners from Ramadi. Though the area of

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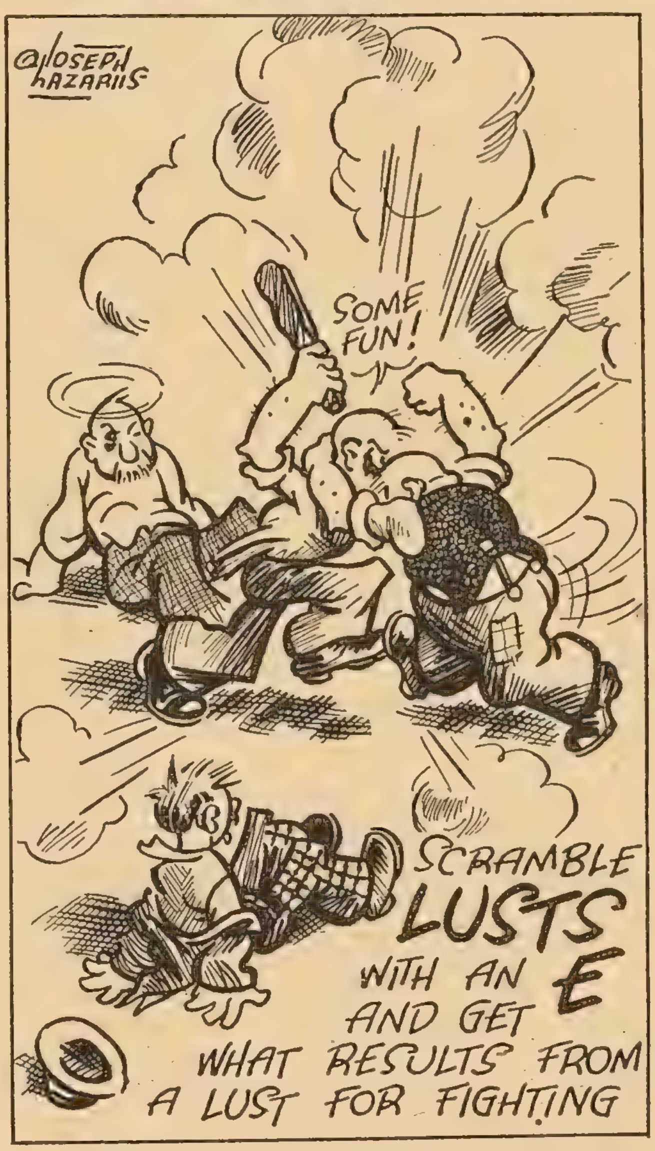
World's Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

our activities included the whole of the country bordering the Bagdad-Aleppo Road, it was not often we entered the ancient capital. When we did, it was something in the nature of a holiday.

Gyppo and I had been cruising round the wonderful city, and I, at least, had been marveling at the beauty of its forest of domes and minarets, its queer little alleys and by-lanes, its conglomeration of grand and mean architecture. Once again I had been impressed by that wicked scar which the Turks slashed across the face of this strange city—New Street. It was as if some stupid fool had struck crosswise at an elaborate wedding cake, making a crushed path through its architectural covering of towers and pinnacles and turrets and minarets.

SCRAMBLED WORDS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SOME FUN!
SCRAMBLE LUSTS WITH AN E AND GET WHAT RESULTS FROM A LUST FOR FIGHTING

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 31

Johnny Turk has much devastation to his discredit, but when he put that ugly scar across the old city, he created a monument to remind him of his wanton spoliation for long centuries to come.

New Street is now the main thoroughfare in Bagdad, like Princes Street, Edinburgh, Lord Street, Liverpool, or the Strand; but it was not built in the same way, nor did it just grow. It was cut by Turkish cannon from North Gate to South, since the original tortuous streets would not permit of a quick enough transit for the Ottoman army. Once fine buildings now bear the scars.

Gyppo and I had turned off this strange thoroughfare, with its multicolored throng, into a coffee house to escape the intense heat.

I pointed to a miserable-looking native seated alone in a corner of the café.

"Dope," said I.

Gyppo shrugged his lean shoulders. Had he not lived most of his adventurous life in that dope-ridden country, Egypt? What of it?

"The cocaine plant is being grown not far from here, and yonder miserable wallah with the inky mouth either has worked or is working on the patch."

"Interesting, Digger. How d'you know?"

"I've seen Indians in Peru with mouths just like that poor devil's. Know how they get that way? They get the habit of chewing the leaves of the cocaine plant while tending the shrubs. The habit gives 'em a false feeling of strength. Chewing these leaves makes them feel good—a sort of mild intoxication. The mouths of such men eventually turn jet black, and they themselves become victims of the plants they cultivate. They can no more stop chewing than the addict of the powder can stop sniffing."

"I GET you, Digger. The big idea is to find out where this fellow works?"

"Said it in one, Gyppo. Now, you cut back to the Skipper and tell him what we've found. When this cocaine wallah goes home I shall dog him."

Gyppo scuttled off and it was not long before he of the black cavity prepared to do the same. I followed him. I did not know the city thoroughly—no one but a native could find his way around those twisting lanes—but taking chances is all in the game, and this was a bit of espionage work that I rather fancied. I should achieve a lot if I found an illicit cocaine patch in the vicinity of Bagdad.

The sun was setting as we started off. It was not long before I found myself creeping as near as I dared to my quarry, in order to keep him in sight in the semiblackness of those grimy and sinister alleys.

And then—crash! A sudden sickening sensation in the back of my head and I went right out . . .

When I awoke I was in bed. It was a nice bed, a very comfortable bed, much better than anything I was accustomed to in the camp or barracks of the Irak Desert Patrols. The sun was streaming in through an aperture high up in the stone wall. The room was beautifully clean, though sparsely furnished. By my bed was a black octagonal table, and on it—ye gods!—a bottle of spirits, a bowl of ice, and glasses!

I raised myself gingerly. A throbbing head made each slight movement a torture. A laugh tinkled out, grew brighter, caroled its way round the room and into my somewhat numbed senses. I stared. It came from a settee a couple of yards away. Its possessor was the most alluring thing in skirts I'd seen for a long time. A lovely but dangerous animal, with a lithe sinuous body beautifully swathed in some dark figured silk—European fashion!—a cloud of blue-black hair, dark eloquent eyes, a soft red seductive mouth.

SHE addressed me half in French and half in Arabic. I answered in French. She then apologized for my condition. It was, she said, the only way she could get contact with me, and she had been wanting to do so for quite a long time. Of course I had to hold on taut to my hazy senses to make certain I was not dreaming. But she was real enough—a female devil who could be as treacherous as she was fascinating.

My experience of women, not inconsiderable, has taught me to distrust these eyes like black velvet, this silky huskiness of voice. Lovely? Of course. The orbs are delightful to watch, the voice a joy to listen to. That dame could make her voice throb with the very soul of desire, could kindle the sort of light in her eyes that sends men mad. I was therefore on my guard from the word "go!"

I was conscious of her hypnotism. Her vamping was bold, unashamed, deliberate. She was trying as much with her brilliant black eyes as with her sensuous voice to inveigle me to her service. And I fought against the influence for all I was worth.

"But let me introduce myself. I am Mme. Radnowitz," quoth she with a smile. "And you?"

"They call me 'Digger,'" said I. "God knows why."

It soon became clear that she was accepting me for an educated Arab. She asked me if I knew Europe at all. I nodded. She admitted Hungarian birth. She was what you might call a first-class mystery. She poured out spirit for me with hands of a loveliness that would fill your true artist with ecstasy. There were half a dozen rings, too, blazing with brilliants. A little fortune, *s'il vous plaît,* on milady's hands.

She had the faculty of surprising one. In fact, her conversation with me that bright and sunny morning was just one surprising statement after another. She knew all about the Fourteenth Patrol, and appeared to imagine I was a sort of second-in-command of that famous body of police. She feared it, too. But she thought that with M. Digger on her side she would be as safe as houses. She solicited my assistance in outwitting that patrol! She was overflowing with promises: as much wealth as I could desire, a gay adventurous life, and herself thrown in. "For I like you, M. Digger, I like you, I like you!

Je t'adore! Je t'adore!" And a lot more in the same key.

A trifle swift, I thought.

It seemed it was her good fortune that I had been seen dogging the footsteps of one of her cultivators. I was given to understand that the poor devil had been committed to the dungeons for wandering too far afield.

Virtually I was a prisoner, but the choice remained with me. There was the devil of a gay life ahead did I but nod. If I had not been so weak, I might have given in; but there is no fighter so stubborn as a healthy man suddenly made weak by a knock on the head. I gathered that the building to which I had been brought was madame's own country residence, and I suspected that within the grounds of it I should find the cocaine patch I had set out to seek. Obviously there was nothing I could do save play for time.

When she spread herself and her draperies on my bed and took my hand in her own soft one, I decided that this was an occasion for the best bit of make-believe I could put up. I begged for time to recover and think this thing out. One could not hope to grasp such a marvelous proposition in a few minutes. One would require a day or two to readjust one's mental outlook. I was charmed. I was overwhelmed. I was very conscious of the honor. Madame would understand. She did. Or, at all events, she thought she did. We came appreciably nearer to each other. But she didn't want "madame" from me. Olga, she said. Olga and Digger. I frankly admit I enjoyed the pretense. Being a man, I was tickled to death.

AND I wondered greatly what had become of the other fellow—the guy whose place I was being seduced to fill; for Olga was the type of woman who must have a man, the kind that can't exist for long without one.

I wondered where I was, whether I had strayed far from New Street of ill fame. I wondered even more how long it would take the patrol to locate me, how long I could hold out against the swift and determined advances of this bewitching jezebel.

Olga left me after a while—left me still wondering. I was at liberty to rise when I felt like it, make her castle my home, roam about it and the gardens as I felt inclined. My acting must have been pretty good. After all, there is something in me that compels admiration for the Mme. Radnowitz type of feline. I suppose her various and nefarious activities were prompted by much the same feelings as those that impelled me to wander about the earth—South America, India, the Near East, the Foreign Legion, and now the Desert Patrols—a yearning for thrills, excitement, adventure, and the fullness of life.

Wherefore I could not resist a tiny spark of fellow feeling, despite the obvious danger signals. As it happened, the feeling served me well in that priceless bit of acting, for she must have seen the admiration in my

Why You Have
ACID INDIGESTION

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THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

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PLASTIC WOOD

eyes, and no woman is proof against flattering masculine eyes.

Dressed and refreshed, I wandered about the place. I found it immensely rich in Oriental furnishing and decorations. No one troubled me as I strolled about. Occasionally I ran into a native servant hurrying about his domestic offices, and there was no doubt from their demeanor that they had had their orders regarding myself. Plainly I was a privileged guest in the house.

In the extensive grounds I came upon that which I had been longing to see—the cocaine patch, the coca shrubs, which, by the way, have nothing to do with cocoa or coconuts. The coca shrubs were unmistakable. They stood about six to eight feet high and had the familiar appearance of blackthorn bushes. Valuable as it is, this plant is very easily cultivated. It has vivid green leaves, which are picked off twice a year and dried by sweating in the sun, after the fashion of tea drying.

I had seen habitual coca chewers among the Indians of the Peruvian Andes—"coquards" they are called. And here, in this garden, were ten or a dozen of them, low-caste Arabs with the same habit and the same pitch-black mouths. I addressed two or three of them without getting any response, and then I discovered that every one of them was dumb. Dummies! Olga apparently did not believe in half measures.

While watching these fellows at work I was able to take stock of my surroundings. A high wall completely inclosed house and grounds, and beyond was a plantation of date palms. What was beyond the plantation I could only guess, and my guess was that it was just desert—sand and sand and more sand. This was an oasis of sorts. No sound came from beyond the wall, not any city noises. I was miles away from Bagdad!

ON the face of it, hopeless enough. But I had a scheme, and that night I put it into operation. I intended to be on the flat roof of the building bright and early next morning; but first I must get possession of a piece of mirror, a bit of looking-glass. Olga was bound to have something of the sort.

I dined with her that night—just the two of us, with the soft-footed natives waiting upon us. Olga knew quite a lot about food. With her, feeding was an art. And, for a woman, she had an astonishing knowledge of wines. Also she was a most agreeable companion at table.

Filled with good food and plenty of wine, and with an alluring woman like Olga for companion, the night became a memorable one for me. She could talk. She was indeed an amazing conversationalist. She had traveled, had had some remarkable experiences; she told me the most thrilling yarns—which the wining and the dining and the fullness thereof colored beautifully.

I did not, however, lose sight of my purpose. We stayed on that settee far into the night, talking and talking, swapping experiences—for was I not an educated and much traveled Arabian? And once, when she came to the powder-and-puff stage, which seems to occur a dozen times a night with the average woman, I begged for the little mirror. She gave it to me with a laugh, thinking, no doubt, that it was just like an Arabian gentleman to ask for a thing like that. Had she known of the use I intended to make of it, she would have knifed me on the spot.

NOR did that strange and perhaps beautiful night of adventure prevent me awaking at the appointed time next morning. The sun was already blazing down when I reached the roof. There was no one there. A man cannot escape from a roof when large grounds surround it. I was perfectly safe as far as the watchers of the household where concerned. I could promenade there to my heart's content.

Underneath my burnoose I clutched Olga's bit of looking-glass. I raised it to my nose, tasted the scent of her perfume, though I hoped the mirror was to mean the end of my friendship with her.

Sad, in a way, but it is all in the life of the Desert Patrol.

From that flat roof I could see beyond the plantation and right across the desert for miles. Vaguely through the heat haze I picked out the forest of domes and minarets that I knew marked the city of Bagdad—perhaps ten to fifteen miles away; and farther still I saw the two golden domes of the famous mosque that lies beyond the North Gate.

I played idly with the mirror, found I could pick up a spot from the sun's rays and flash it on the desert miles away.

I chuckled. I had but to wait for a bunch of troops, a stray patrol of desert police, perhaps a camel caravan, or even an airplane, and attract attention with my spot of light.

I stumped that roof for hours. I went down for a meal—Mme. Radnowitz, I understood, was away on one of her mysterious errands—and returned to pace up and down again. I actually saw figures approaching and leaving Bagdad.

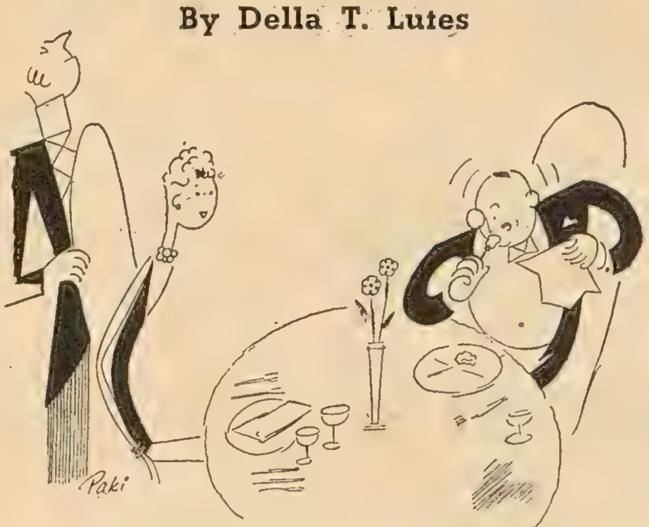
And then at long last came a caravan of camels moving obliquely across the sand. I waited until they drew nearer. I was determined they should not pass by.

Then I got busy with the mirror. How feverishly I worked with that spot of sunlight! My flashes attracted their attention. I tried to work out the Morse code. I might be working in vain, since the bunch were probably just an ordinary Arab caravan. At any rate I had gained their interest. Then another cavalcade came loping along and joined the first. I kept on, repeating and repeating in Morse my position in this oasis. I became so absorbed that I forgot everything else in the excitement of my achievement—until I found myself gripped from behind and thrown to the ground.

Olga was spitting venom. Never have I seen a woman in such a frightful rage. She screamed every sort of dirty imprecation at me as I was led below, and when I was securely bound and thrown into one of the dungeons, she spat in real earnest.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



All for One

When you have received your plate,
It's not polite to sit and wait;
This is no longer being done—
Now each looks out for Number One.

But try not to get all cleaned up before the host even gets to his!

Had I not eaten her salt, partaken of her hospitality!

Olga was a sorely disappointed woman. "Hell hath no fury—" I was scum of the desert. This black witch who only a few hours before had been draping her lovely self over my shoulder, was now informing me that I was the son of a noseless inebriated mother who had never married, and that as a barnyard dump had been my birthplace, she would see to it that it should be my burial ground.

Her choice of language would have put to shame that of a Hongkong dockside laborer or a Billingsgate porter.

She screamed, her mouth foamed, her lovely black eyes blazed with incredible ferocity, her superb body shook and vibrated as she crouched over me, lying helpless and bound under her verbal lashes.

Then she calmed down, and that was even worse than the storm. She began to play with a knife, an ornamental thing beautifully chased but as keen as a razor. I thought my last hour had arrived. I can write of it lightly now, but I shall never forget those terror-filled moments. Sometimes I see that beautiful mad creature bending over me in dreams, and I can still shiver with the horror of that memory.

Sweat poured down my face as her soft hands moved. My parched tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. My lips bled under clenched teeth, lest I should blubber and yell like a kid. What prevented me from screaming at the first appearance of that glittering knife I do not know. She was crouching so close to me that I could feel her breath, could smell again that damnable scent—

On one or two rare occasions since then I have smelled that same scent, and each time that ghastly picture has risen before my eyes—that black-eyed witch and her pretty knife.

She played, like the feline she was. For the first time in my life, I fainted.

When I opened my eyes again some one was slapping me in the jaw, water was splashing my face, the most agreeable voice in the world was coming over the void in a breathless sort of fashion:

"Come on, old boy! Open up! Come on now! Snap out of it!"

He of the black silky beard and the Yankee drawl was bending over me.

"All right, Bain," said I. "Hold your wind."

"Gee, but it's good to see you with your lamps lit!"

"Been a long time coming, haven't you?"

"Long time nothing, you big sap! We had the best part of fifteen miles to cover an' we made it under thirty minutes. If you know of any camels that can lope faster, Digger boy, sell 'em to the patrol."

"It seemed like half a year to me."

The American grinned. "I'll bet it did!"

Then the Skipper loomed up, followed by Gyppo and several more of the crowd.

"Hullo, Skipper. You fixed the dope gang?"

"We have, Digger, old man. How d'you feel?"

"Damned thirsty. Did you get the woman?"

"Woman? What woman?"

I explained.

"I guess she got away," grinned Bain.

A thorough search of the building and grounds proved the guess to be correct.

She had got away!

. . Had the tigerish Olga faded out of Digger's life forever? Wait and see! And meanwhile, in next week's installment, enjoy two more breath-taking adventures of Digger, Gyppo, Bain, their steely-eyed Skipper, and the Fourteenth Patrol: their undoing of the rabid Murad Ali Khan Ibn Raad, "prophet" and breeder of revolt, and their capture, after battles in the desert, of Khan Nekh Sudah, a bandit with two pretty English girls as his prisoners!

Answer to Scrambled Word on Page 28

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(WHO FOUGHT WITH MICKEY McGUIRE) CARRIED HIS OWN

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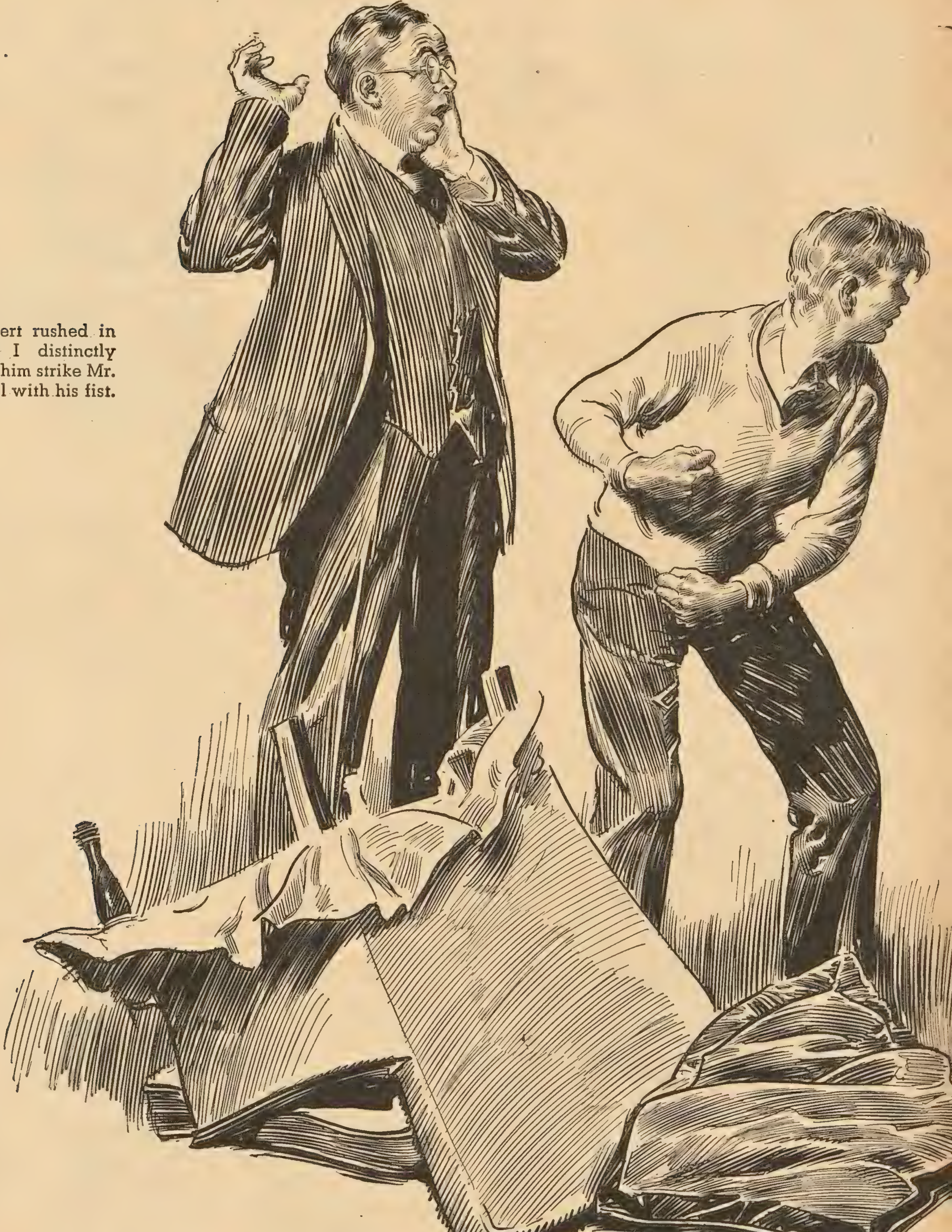
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



Gilbert rushed in and I distinctly saw him strike Mr. Cecil with his fist.

"Incorrigible," They Said—but Do School-teachers Always Know? There Are Smiles and a Tear in This Whimsical Tale of a Boy and His Lonely Heart

Problem Child

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE LATIN SCHOOL
Little-Upsalom-on-the-Lake

November 12, 1934.

REPORT to the Head Master
By Hilary Douglas, M.A.

Subject: Treadway, Gilbert J., Second Form.

This boy came to us at the start of the autumn semester under unusual circumstances. You will recall that his father, a Mr. Treadway of Fort Worth, Texas, chairman of the board of the Sopac Oil Corporation, sent Gilbert north in charge of two private detectives and a Mr. Huston. The latter carried letters of recommendation from Messrs. Glenn, '95; Averill, '02; and Johnstone, '07. These earnest and no doubt well meaning sponsorships carried an appeal, coupled with Mr. Treadway's letters and telegrams, which could not well be denied.

The Head Master will remember that the question of young Treadway's matriculation was discussed at a meeting of the faculty. Despite an astonishingly bad record of two expulsions and three resignations from other schools, the faculty voted to admit this boy as a student. As the Head Master so well said: "Gilbert is a challenge to the Latin School." Thus, when the point was raised among the house masters, I gladly volunteered to take Gilbert into our happy family at Hathaway Gables.

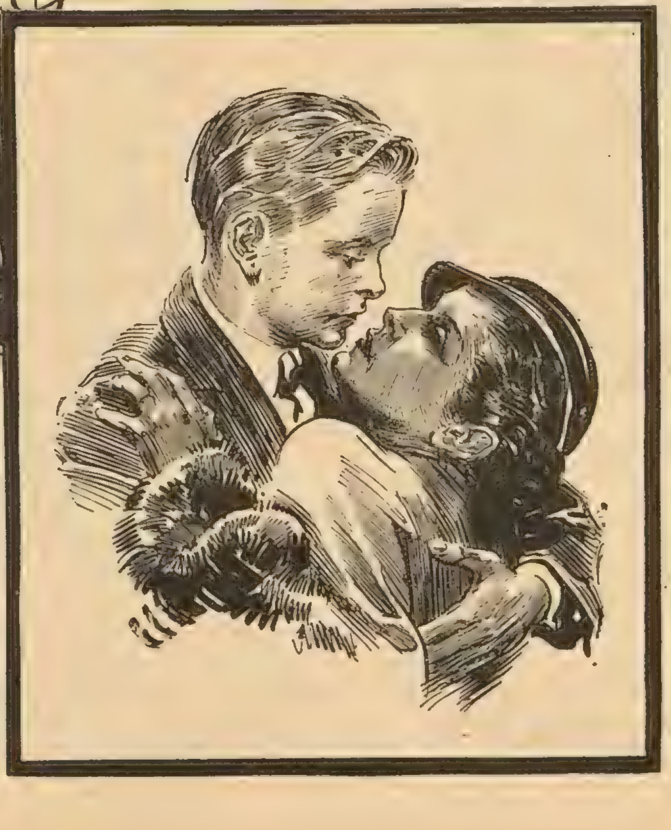
It should be stated here, I think, in justice to Mr. Treadway, that he made no attempt to conceal the record of his son's behavior at other schools. The master of Hathaway Gables was supplied with detailed reports as to Gilbert's conduct. For the purposes of this record I shall present a greatly condensed summary:

Rellence Academy: "Persistent breaker of bounds rules. Caught gambling in quarters, three proven instances."

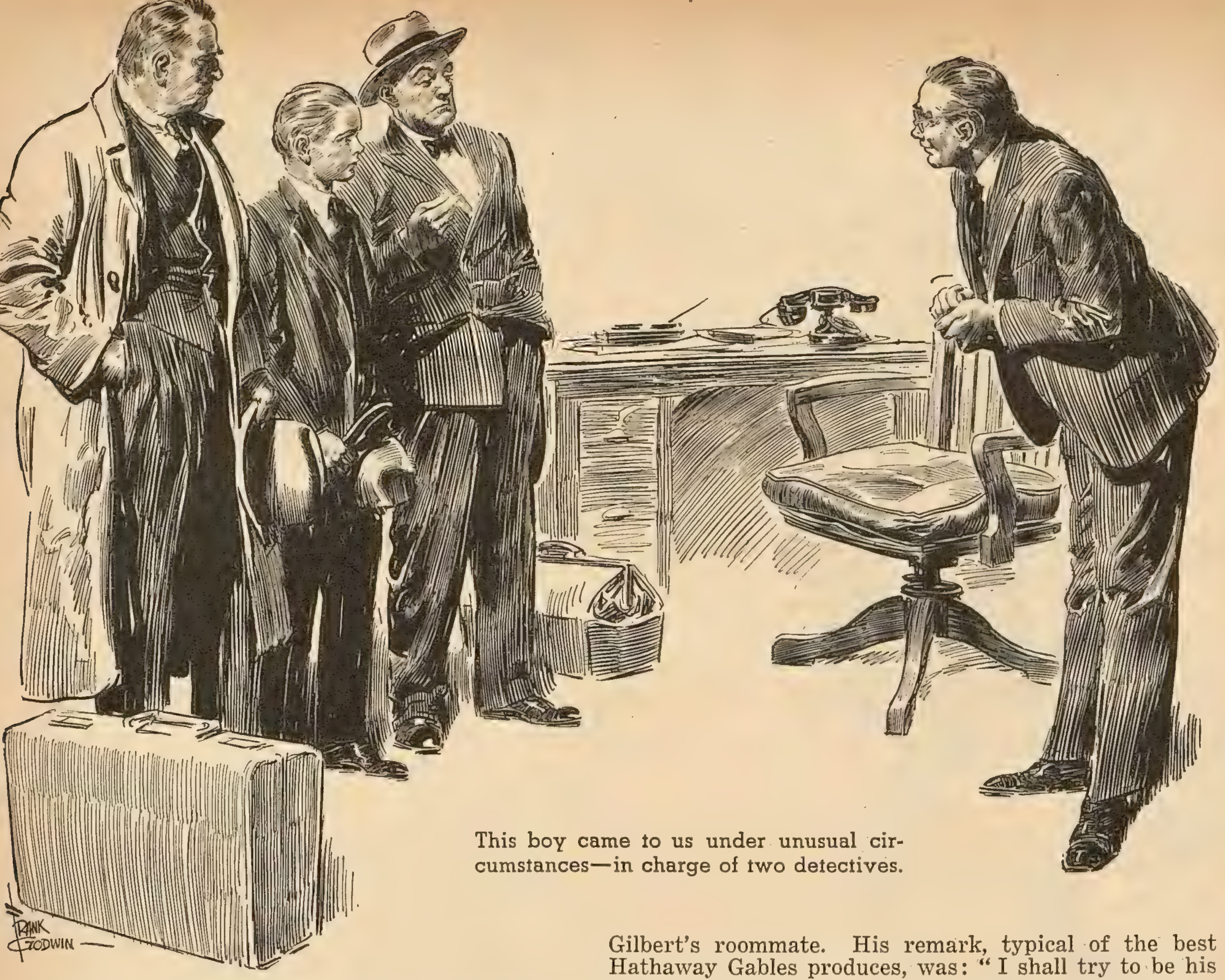
St. Michael's School: "Determinedly antisocial. Engaged in two fist fights October and November, 1931. I. Q. rating: 168; very precocious but moody and noncoöperative."

Vine Ridge Military Academy: "Caught off bounds seven times. Refused explanation. Excelled in athletics but inattentive student. Did not fit in with military discipline."

Morris School for Boys: "Very pugnacious and quarrelsome type. Brilliant student if would apply self. Made progress during football season; later losing interest. Gambling, two occasions. Insubordinate."



Mr. Cecil reports that a woman embraced Gilbert.



This boy came to us under unusual circumstances—in charge of two detectives.

St. Christopher's School: "Father Carrigan says: 'Badly adjusted boy. Unhappy home environment. Uncommunicative as to inward life. After two terms we could no longer tolerate his breaking bounds repeatedly and refusing information.'"

Gilbert is, you will recall, a handsome lad, well developed for sixteen and possessed of a frankly disarming manner. He had the normal alert blue eyes, fair hair, and blond coloring of the extravert type. The Head Master's splendid grasp of boy psychology would have led him to the correct conclusion: a normal extravert transformed into an abnormal introvert.

I had a little talk with the boy in an effort to gain his confidence. I can do no better than to present a very freehand transcription of what occurred:

HOUSE MASTER: Gilbert, we welcome you to Hathaway Gables. We want to be friends.

GILBERT: Friends? I don't want to be friends with anybody. I'm here because I'm not twenty-one yet and my father made me come. Where do I sleep and when do I eat?

HOUSE MASTER: You are tired from your journey and not yourself. We'll talk in the morning. I'm assigning you to room with Phelps major. He is a First Form boy and our honor student.

GILBERT: My father agreed to let me room by myself.

HOUSE MASTER: That is impossible, Gilbert.

GILBERT: Why so? My father will pay you double. Send him a telegram.

HOUSE MASTER: The discussion is closed. It is your privilege, of course, to leave this school at once.

GILBERT: You don't know my father. He'd send his dicks after me. I've tried that. All right—where's my sissy roommate?

Phelps major accepted the onerous responsibility as Gilbert's roommate. His remark, typical of the best Hathaway Gables produces, was: "I shall try to be his best friend, sir!"

The first trouble started on Gilbert's second day at our House. Mr. Gibonay of Tudor House reported to me that Jones minor and Gosline minor had been caught with illicit eatables in their room. They confessed that "the new fellow in Hathaway" had presented them with a huge box of provisions. I consulted immediately with Phelps major, and he with natural reluctance informed me that the box, from Sherry's in New York City, had been sent to Gilbert by his mother. He added that Gilbert, upon seeing the box, had flown into a rage, had kicked it nearly to pieces and then had given the contents to Jones minor.

ACCORDINGLY I summoned Gilbert to my study after our athletic period. I took especial pains to make the interview casual. My recollection of it is, I believe, absolutely accurate:

Q. Didn't you know that Lower School boys are not permitted extra eatables except on stated holidays?

A. I'm not dumb.

Q. Why did you give them the treat your mother sent you, Gilbert?

A. She's not my mother.

Q. Oh—your stepmother?

A. She's not my mother.

Q. Why did you get angry and kick the box?

A. So I'm rooming with a squealer, am I?

Q. Why did you kick an expensive present—

A. I don't want anything from her.

Q. You dislike your stepmother?

A. I hate her.

Q. Has she mistreated you in any way?

A. No, she hasn't.

Q. Does she live in New York?

A. No, she travels around with my father.

Q. I see. Gilbert, why can't we be friends? Tell me—how long have you been without a mother?

A. You leave my mother out of it or I'll—well, you just leave my mother alone.

Q. You loved your mother, didn't you, Gilbert?

A. Go on, what's the punishment? I can take it.

Q. Do you think your mother would be proud of you? With such a record in school? Is that the way you want to live up to her pride in you, Gilbert?

A. How much spending money did my father say I could have? I've got to have some money. Right away.

Q. How much money?

A. A hundred and fifty dollars.

Q. Why do you need a hundred and fifty dollars?

A. I need it, that's all.

Q. We will write your father if you will tell me why you have to have such a sum.

A. Tell him unless he sends me the money I'll get myself kicked out of this school.

Q. Do you think that is the proper way to treat your father—to attempt to blackmail him? Your own father?

A. Nothing I could do to my father would be dirty enough. I hate his guts.

Q. Why?

A. I know why, all right. So does he.

The Head Master will recall that I had an interview with him on the money matter and it was decided to write Mr. Treadway. Meanwhile Gilbert was deprived of recreation period and forbidden village bounds.

THE next outbreak on Gilbert's part was a fist fight with Phelps major. Mr. Coleman separated the boys and brought both to my quarters.

Phelps major made a prompt, straightforward, and manly statement. He said that Gilbert had received a letter from his stepmother; that Gilbert had removed some money from the envelope and then had torn up the letter without reading it. This action shocked Phelps major. He chided Gilbert for not reading his stepmother's letter and at the same time carefully cherishing another letter which Phelps major said Gilbert had received from a girl. The fight followed.

I excused Phelps major with commendation of his manly bearing and then proceeded to interrogate Gilbert.

Q. Arthur's statement is of course correct?

A. He sneaked up on me.

Q. Arthur was merely trying to be your friend, Gilbert. How much money was in the letter?

A. Fifty dollars.

Q. Where is it now?

A. In my pocket.

Q. Kindly hand it over. I shall deposit it to your account with the school bursar. We have received a telegram from your father stating that you are to be held strictly to the regulation allowance of ten dollars a month.

A. I've got to have more than that.

Q. I'm sorry, Gilbert. We must obey your father's wishes.

A. She sent it to me. I didn't ask her for it.

Q. Why would you accept money from Mrs. Treadway and not the box of sweets?

A. Well, I need it. I've got to get hold of a hundred and fifty dollars right away. She's got plenty. He gives her thousands every year.

Q. Are you in debt?

A. Yes, I am.

Q. To whom?

A. Aw, a guy I know.

Q. Is it a gambling debt?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Why didn't you tell your father?

A. You don't know my father.

Q. I'm certain he would want you to pay a debt of honor, Gilbert.

A. Honor. He hasn't got any.

I THEN agreed to write Mr. Treadway explaining Gilbert's predicament and asking his permission to apply Mrs. Treadway's gift on the gambling debt. Gilbert at this point demanded a new roommate. He said he wished to room with Wilberforce major. As the Head Master is well aware, Wilberforce major is our most difficult boy at Hathaway Gables. The Head Master may refresh his memory on this point by reading a copy of my report to Mr. Higgins of the Southern Trust Company, guardians of Wilberforce major. Then occurred the following discussion:

HOUSE MASTER: Why do you wish to room with young Wilberforce?

GILBERT: He's the only good guy in school.

HOUSE MASTER: Indeed? Wilberforce has an extremely poor record.

GILBERT: How would you like to have a trust company for your father and mother?

HOUSE MASTER: Oh, you feel sorry for Wilberforce?

GILBERT: I feel sorry for any kid that hasn't got any mother.

HOUSE MASTER: Aren't you being a little hypocritical, Gilbert? The memory of your own mother doesn't seem to have inspired you to good behavior.

GILBERT: I love my mother. I'll fight anybody who says I don't—anybody.

HOUSE MASTER: Why don't you prove it by making a good record in your school work?

GILBERT: She doesn't want me to stay here. If she had her way, she wouldn't—well, she'd let me stay home with her.

The boy's emotion was so genuine that I realized this was the key to his entire character pattern. He had obviously built up a mother-image which he idolized. It explained his hatred toward the present Mrs. Treadway, who had displaced his own mother, and his bitterness toward his father.

I stated at that time: "As a psychologist, I must oppose the friendship of Gilbert and Wilberforce. I feel certain that Mr. Higgins of the Southern

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Trust Company will agree with me. These boys, bound together by a maudlin idealization of the mother-image, will merely complement each other in recalcitrance." However, it was decided to accede to Gilbert's demand.

For several weeks, in fact until October 22, the association of Gilbert and Wilberforce major seemed beneficial. Gilbert became greatly interested in football. His grades rose from a plus M to a minus E. Wilberforce major likewise showed improvement.

On the morning of October 22, Phelps major, who is president of Honor Council at Hathaway Gables, was obliged to report that Gilbert and Wilberforce had held a gambling game in their room. Five First Form boys—Davis, Melinkaff, Grarse, Perkins, and LeVarney—had that day drawn their allowances. The minutes of the Honor Council will show that the gambling game was poker; that it was instigated and organized by Gilbert and Wilberforce major; that Gilbert won sixty-seven dollars, which he promptly concealed and refused to surrender.

THE Head Master found himself in complete agreement with me as to procedure. A telegram was dispatched to Mr. Treadway in Fort Worth, stating the facts and asking that his son be withdrawn from the Latin School. Mr. Treadway replied from Los Angeles that former United States Senator Herne, chief counsel for his companies, was flying from Tulsa to take charge of the case.

Upon his arrival, Senator Herne made an eloquent plea for Gilbert's retention. He stated: "Mr. Treadway is very angry and wants to commit Gilbert to a reform school. I feel that he has always been too harsh with the boy. I ask that you give him another chance." When the Head Master demurred, Senator Herne disclosed to us the following facts:

Mr. Treadway divorced Gilbert's mother when the boy was ten years old. The charge was infidelity. The court awarded custody of Gilbert to his father. The first Mrs. Treadway disappeared in St. Louis, after leaving a note stating that she intended suicide. Police reported that a woman answering her description had leaped into the Mississippi River. The body was not recovered.

Senator Herne further stated: "Gilbert and his mother were inseparable. Mr. Treadway was much older than she and away from home a great deal of the time. Testimony at the divorce hearing was strongly circumstantial but not conclusive that she had been unfaithful. The corespondent was a doctor who was infatuated with Mrs. Treadway and admitted intimacy, perhaps falsely, in the hope of marrying Gilbert's mother. The boy was old enough to have a very real affection for his mother and he has been embittered by the tragedy."

I summoned the boy and in Senator Herne's presence questioned him as follows:

Q. Gilbert, do you know what a reform school is?

A. I won't go there.

Q. A reform school is like a penitentiary. Bad and incorrigible boys are sent there like prisoners.

A. My father can't send me there.

Q. Oh, yes, he can. Your father has entire custody of you until you reach the age of twenty-one.

A. Senator Bill won't let him. Will you, Senator Bill?

Senator Herne here interjected the remark that he would have no choice unless Gilbert promised to change his behavior. Gilbert seemed thoroughly frightened and on the verge of tears.

Q. Where is the money you won at poker?

A. I won it honest. If they said I cheated they lied, the big sissies.

Q. No one has accused you of cheating, but you must return the boys' money, Gilbert.

A. I haven't got it. I spent it.

Q. How could you have spent it so quickly?

A. I mean I sent it to the guy I owed the money to.

Q. Your father sent you the money to pay that debt, Gilbert.

A. It was more than I said.

Q. What is the name of the person to whom you sent the money?

A. He's a gangster and he'd kill me if I told.

Q. That is absurd. We cannot allow you to remain in this school unless you return the money. We shall be obliged to send you to your father.

A. (*Sobbing*) I haven't got it. I haven't, I swear I haven't. I can't go to the reform school. I won't go, I won't. If he tries to send me there I'll—I'll shoot him.

SENATOR HERNE at this point interrupted to say that he would repay the poker losses. Gilbert stopped sobbing and assumed his air of truculence.

Q. Gilbert, are you ready to promise that you will from this day forth obey all the rules and regulations of your school and House?

A. Yes, if Senator Bill promises not to let my father send me to the reform school.

Senator Herne talked in the most kindly spirit to the boy and he seemed thoroughly chastened. The three of us had tea together and Gilbert said: "You're not such a bad guy, Prof Douglas. I won't give you any more trouble."

On November 4 Mr. Cecil, house monitor, appeared before me with the astounding intelligence that Gilbert had broken village bounds three times, and on the latest occasion was seen taking the interurban for the city. Mr. Cecil declared that Wilberforce major, by an ingenious device of impersonating his roommate, had "covered up" Gilbert's delinquency.

Gilbert was brought before the Honor Council and shamelessly denied the charges.

I then summoned Wilberforce major and interrogated him as follows:

Q. John, do you want to save Gilbert from the reform school?

A. His old man doesn't dare do that to Gilbert. I'll get Mr. Higgins and all the trust-company lawyers and we'll sue him if he tries to send Gilbert to any reform school.

Q. You have no standing with the Southern Trust Company, John. Do you imagine for an instant that Mr. Higgins would help you defend a scamp like young Treadway?

A. Gilbert's the best kid in this school. As soon as I'm

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twenty-one I get seven million dollars and then we'll fix you! I'm going to give half of it to Gilbert, and he can tell that old man of his to go jump in the lake.

Q. I'm not interested in your silly threats, John. I assure you that unless you tell me the truth at once your friend will be in for serious trouble.

A. Well, what do you want to know?

Q. You helped Gilbert deceive the house monitor, didn't you?

A. Well, what if I did? Gilbert's my buddy.

Q. Why did Gilbert go to the city?

A. I don't know.

Q. So you want to see Gilbert in a reform school, do you, John?

A. I'm not scared of that. I'll telegraph Mr. Higgins and tell him to buy old Treadway's whole oil company, and I'll kick old Treadway out on his ear and sue him and put it in all the papers he's a big heel who would send a swell kid like Gilbert to the reform school.

I cut short this tirade and sent Wilberforce major to his room. The foregoing conversation was all that occurred between us. This lad, a congenital prevaricator, immediately proceeded to write Mr. Higgins in New York an absurd concoction of lies. I did not at any time threaten to "frame" Gilbert or boast that his father would thank me for sending him to the reform school.

Failing to obtain the truth either from Gilbert or Wilberforce, the house master, after a prayerful interlude, concluded that he must report Gilbert's delinquency to the Head Master. He did so and was told that he must yet have patience.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN *was born in a Missouri parsonage, trained as a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and made his fiction début in Liberty several years ago. Since then he has become one of the country's most prolific and popular writers.*

ON the ninth day of November Gilbert repeated his offense. He was observed by Phelps major and Doddridge minor leaving village bounds during the cross-country races. When he did not return for supper roll call, Mr. Cecil became worried. It was Mr. Cecil's fear that Gilbert might be involved with some girl in the city. Phelps major reported that the lad kept numerous letters addressed in a feminine hand hid behind a loose brick in the fireplace.

At this point it becomes my painful duty to confess that both Cecil and I erred in our zeal to protect a Hathaway Gables boy from his own misconduct. We went to the room occupied by Gilbert and Wilberforce to search for the concealed letters. We did so in the belief that they held the final clue to Gilbert's incorrigibility.

The Head Master is well aware of what happened. Gilbert rushed in and hurled himself upon Mr. Cecil with savage fierceness. He snatched the letters away and handed them to Wilberforce; and I distinctly saw him strike Mr. Cecil a blow with his fist. Wilberforce ran from the room with the letters, while Mr. Cecil and I tried to subdue the infuriated lad. He was badly knocked about in the process—for which I am heartily regretful and I know Mr. Cecil joins me in sincere apologies—but we did not at any time strike Gilbert with our fists. On the other hand, Mr. Cecil was severely kicked and scratched.

I am sure the Head Master recognizes that it was not this incident which precipitated his final action. It was Gilbert's withdrawal from the football team; his refusal to report for practice after Mr. Thersen had twice pleaded with him and the amazing revelation of how Gilbert had corrupted McDonough major. These developments, permit me to repeat, were the convincing proofs that Gilbert was past reform. As the Head Master well said, when McDonough's parents revealed how their son had paid Gilbert to quit the eleven: "A boy who would sell out his football team for gold is past redemption." The Head Master should bear in mind, however, that there were extenuating circumstances in McDonough's case. He had seen himself displaced on the varsity by Gilbert; he was intensely ambitious for athletic honors; and it was Gilbert who proposed the transaction.

For the purposes of the record I must set down verbatim my final interview with Gilbert:

HOUSE MASTER: Treadway, I hand you a telegram from your father stating that we are to deliver you to his representatives, who arrive by airplane from Chicago tomorrow.

TREADWAY *(haughtily)*: I thought you were a friend of mine, Prof.

HOUSE MASTER: I have tried to be your friend, Treadway, but I cannot be friends with a boy who would sell his honor for eighty-six dollars.

TREADWAY: Did my father say I'm going to the reform school?

HOUSE MASTER: He so informed Dr. Phillips by long-distance telephone from Omaha.

TREADWAY *(brazening it out)*: I guess Old Bones will tell the truth when the time comes.

HOUSE MASTER: I cannot permit you to speak disrespectfully of the Head Master of this school. Leave the room.

TREADWAY: There's just one thing you profs ought to be decent enough to do—make your pack of sissy boys take Jack Wilberforce out of Coventry. He didn't have anything to do with my quitting the team.

HOUSE MASTER: We'll attend to Wilberforce in our own way. Leave the room.

TREADWAY: Jack'll come back some day and buy your lousy little school and throw you all out on your ears.

HOUSE MASTER: That's enough.

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Leave the room. You will confine yourself to quarters until your father's detectives arrive.

The boy had undoubtedly reached a state of incorrigibility bordering upon criminality. He was impenitent and defiant. I cautioned Swebsen to remain on watch, and that evening Mr. Cecil volunteered to guard the boy's room for the night.

Wilberforce major demanded to be allowed to see Treadway and uttered wild threats when he was refused. The Head Master will note that we had received a telegram from Mr. Higgins stating that he was arriving at the school the next morning. I deemed it wise to keep the boys apart, since Treadway was the leader and was sure to inflame Wilberforce to further and more vicious lies against the school.

I FEEL impelled at this point in a report which already has become voluminous to summarize the facts involved in young Treadway's escape the night of November 11:

1. Mr. Cecil and Phelps major were on guard.
2. The room was on the third floor of Hathaway Gables and there was no escape by the window.
3. Wilberforce major, Jones minor, and probably Gosline minor were accomplices.
4. The door of the room was locked from the outside and Mr. Cecil and Swebsen had the only keys.
5. At 1.17 A. M. Wilberforce appeared in the third-floor hall and immediately picked a fight with Phelps.
6. Mr. Cecil was engaged in trying to separate the struggling boys.
7. Jones minor appeared with a stolen key and unlocked the bedroom door.
8. Treadway, fully clothed and carrying a hand bag, dashed from the room.
9. Mr. Cecil endeavored to pursue but was tripped by Jones minor.
10. A Lower School boy (probably Gosline minor) stood on watch below and whistled some signal. A taxicab waited.
11. Treadway ran down the drive, climbed the locked gates, and was pursued by Mr. Cecil and Phelps major.
12. Mr. Cecil reports that a shabbily dressed woman of the streets got out of the cab, embraced Gilbert Treadway, and the two drove away together.

These, I submit, are the true facts and none of the wild statements made by Jones minor and Wilberforce major are to be given credence for one instant. Mr. Treadway has very properly requested a detailed statement of the whole affair. He will doubtless challenge the statement of Mr. Cecil (corroborated by Phelps major, whose probity is unquestioned) that his son went away with a woman of this type. But our witnesses had ample opportunity to see the woman, as the gate lanterns give a bright illumination.

It will be difficult, I know, for a father to conceive of a sixteen-year-old son with such an associate. However, such a relationship is fully in keeping with Gilbert Treadway's precocious and definite criminality.

As an example of the sort of testimony we may expect from Wilberforce major, I quote his boastful and fantastic statement to me:

" That was Gilbert's mother. She only pretended to be dead because she knew old man Treadway would put his private detectives on to her and never let her see Gilbert. She got jobs in towns near all the schools they sent Gilbert to and he helped her with money whenever he could. But he's going to stay with her now, and if Gilbert's old man tries to do anything about it Mr. Higgins is going to have the court give her custody of Gilbert, and he can do it, too, because we got evidence that Gilbert's old man didn't take the right care of him and was going to send him to a reform school, and soon as we fix things I'm going to live with Gilbert and his mother and we're going to buy an aviation company after we get through college, and nuts to you, Prof Douglas."

The Head Master will realize that we must be on our guard. Wilberforce and Treadway are incorrigibles and they may be expected to put forth all manner of vicious lies.

We may be congratulated that this pretty pair can no longer disrupt the happy family at Hathaway Gables.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When was the United Kingdom established?

2—What is the origin of the word episcopal?

3—What Canadian Premier served the longest?

4—Who said " When speculation has done its worst, two and two will still make four "?

5—A kulak is what?

6—Who was Emma Lajeunesse?

7—What is brocatel?

8—What is the chemical symbol for lead?

9—What was the full name of Lord Byron, the famous English poet?

10—What is the official residence of the Governor-General of Canada?

11—Who said " Science is, in its source, eternal; in its problem, endless; in its goal, unattainable " ?

12—Cabeça is what?

13—What is anthropology?

14—When and what is Capitulation Day?

15—In what Canadian city is a monument to the joint memory of British and American soldiers who fought against each other?

16—Who wrote " Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, then shalt thou not escape calumny "?

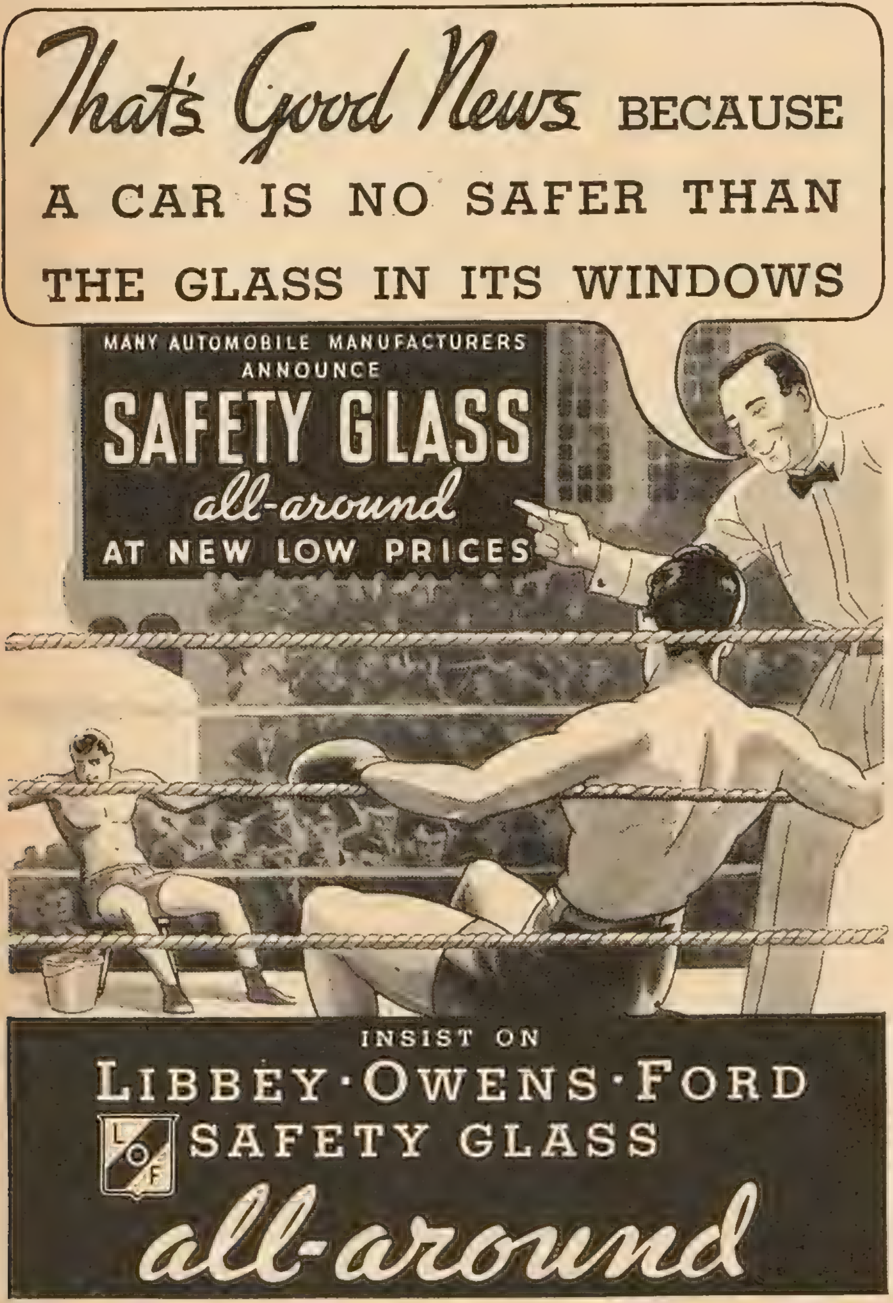
17—A *cucaracha* is what?

18—What is the difference between an effect and an affect?

19—From what is guncotton made?

20—What is sylvanite?

(Answers will be found on page 60)



Turbulent, Tense, Tangled

A Swift Melodrama Does Well for Mr. Cagney and an Intelligent Murder Play "Discovers" Miss Louise, but the Filming of Great Expectations Seems a Little Complicated

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 54 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ST. LOUIS KID

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Hobart Cavanaugh, Spencer Charters, Addison Richards, Dorothy Dare, Arthur Aylesworth. Directed by Ray Enright. Story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

ST. LOUIS KID is the sort of film that Warner Brothers, and only Warner Brothers, do so well. With a swift pace that never lets down, and believable characters, never actors merely playing at tough mugs, the thing that gives this type film its unique flavor lies in the story background, its understanding of that background, and its timeliness.

St. Louis Kid, with the sure-fire Jimmy Cagney in superb form as the pugnacious truck driver, concerns the battles of a trucking firm against striking dairymen who are determined that no milk shall be delivered through their district.

Around this fighting background a melodramatic story, lightened by several grand comedy touches and a hard clean toughness, has been concocted. Cagney, stuck in a small-town jail for fighting, sneaks out one night to visit his girl. While he's busy necking, one of the dairymen is killed by a thug hired by the trucking company to see that the milk gets through. From then on the film shows Cagney's chase of the murderer; and while this makes for exciting and frequently humorous entertainment, St. Louis Kid is more to be commended because it goes right into what the novelists call the American scene.

Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Spencer Charters, the kindly jailer, and Arthur Aylesworth as the judge aid Mr. Cagney in making this a picture you'll enjoy.

VITAL STATISTICS: James (Dish-It-Out) Cagney, champion walker-outer in the interests of salary boosts—it's around $2,000 the week the now—was once a Wanamaker bundle wrapper, Sun-office boy, etc. Became hoofer, then actor. Can still hoof. This hard guy paints with water colors, practices piano, and leads very quiet life off screen. Married to Billie Vernon, ex-vodvilyan. No scandal. After recent exposé of his liberal political leanings the Warner Brothers press agents worked thirty-six hours a day to cover him with red-white-and-blue flags and plaster his reputation with copies of the American Constitution. Now out of the Red. Born in father's handsome saloon in New York's Eighth Street and Avenue D. Attended Columbia U. classes. Still wants to be a doctor. Speaks Yiddish like a native. Got big chance in Outside Looking In. Onward and upward after that. Called Whispering Jimmy because the madder he gets the lower his voice pitches. Brings his piano teacher to the set and practices. . . . Patricia Ellis is youngest full-fledged film leading lady. Is eighteen going on nineteen. Father stage director Alexander Leftwich taught her art of grease paint. Can sing and dance; has been in films since fourteen, but said she was older. Has leading-ladied it for stock companies before Hollywood. . . . Allen Jenkins and Cagney are friends. Were chorus boys together once. Jenkins made biggest hit in staged Blessed Event; played same rôle, that of gangster, in film of same; and hasn't returned to stage since. Married to Mary Landee, nonpro. They raise chow dogs. . . . Hobart Cavanaugh has played thirty different rôles in past year—as reporter, gangster, drunk, parson, fool. . . . Dorothy Dare is ex-Broadway but recently. Sings, dances, and emotes. French and Danish, dotter to landscape painter. Real name: Herskind.

★ ★ ½ THE FIREBIRD

THE PLAYERS: Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Lionel Atwill, Anita Louise, C. Aubrey Smith, Dorothy Tree, Helen Trenholme, Robert Barrat, Hobart Cavanaugh, Hal K. Dawson. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. Play by Lajos Zilahy.

THOUGH it has a murder early in the story, The Firebird is not just a mystery thriller, for it is more concerned with mood and the psychologic rather than sleuthing aspects of the situation. More than competently played throughout, and showing the fragile Anita Louise as a better actress than we had thought possible, The Firebird is a finished, intelligent film of uncommon insight and interest.

When an actor, reputed as a ladies' man, is murdered while visiting a woman, all the occupants of that apartment are suspected. The search for the killer is carried out in a novel manner, and given Wilhelm Dieterle's suave direction the picture sustains suspense right to the end.

Allen Jenkins, James Cagney, and Patricia Ellis in St. Louis Kid. Mr. Cagney is a tough truck driver.

The Firebird—a novel mystery thriller—presents Anita Louise, Verree Teasdale, and Lionel Atwill

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Jane Wyatt and Phillips Holmes in Great Expectations, based on the novel by Charles Dickens.

The chic Verree Teasdale, though she seems much too young to be Miss Louise's mother, continues her splendid work, and one or two more films should find her a star. The rest of the cast—Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith, Dorothy Tree, and Helen Trenholme—lend fine support; and The Firebird, a distinctive blend of original story treatment and able acting, becomes a minor work of quiet but real success.

VITAL STATISTICS: Stravinsky's Firebird, written in 1910 for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, is used in the film. Playwright Lajos Zilahy called play The Firebird because of that Hungarian feathered friend's liking to be close to fire but not of it. . . . Verree Teasdale, now Mrs. Adolphe Menjou II, wears one of the two trousseaus she purchased for wedding, in piktsch. Says she would wear gingham aprons if Adolphe said the word. Was married before. After leaving Seattle for New York, decided to be an actress and hied herself to a school of grease-paint lore. Went to plays on side, read plays, studied plays. Got first stage job by going to Philip Barry and telling him what he'd miss if he didn't put her in The Youngest. PS. She got the job. Sketches well, is good musician and dancer. Related to late Sara Teasdale and is a cousin of Edith Wharton (Pussy Jones). Mr. and Mrs. Menjou have new home they built together in Los Feliz Hills and augur to be verree, verree happee. . . . Ricardo Cortez, man of a thousand deaths, gets killed again in this picture. Has been in films seventeen years. Drives his own car, takes care of his own wardrobe. In such demand as vilyun he can't get chance to be an honest man. . . . Lionel Atwill joined English theatrical troupe when young and saw the world. Specialist in horror stories but plays a straight rôle for first time in several months. . . . Anita Louise gets a Warner contract for her part in Firebird. Is Tom Brown's school-days girl friend. Has a perfect profile. . . . Helen Trenholme, newcomer to screen after one-night success on Broadway, went back to Canada to get married after finishing picture. Will return to Hollywood later and happier. . . . Dorothy Tree (Treibitz) is a Cornell alumna, Brooklyn-born, and Broadway-bred from the age of consent.

★ ★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS

THE PLAYERS: Henry Hull, Phillips Holmes, Jane Wyatt, Florence Reed, Francis Sullivan, Alan Hale, Rafaela Ottiano, George Breakstone, Walter Armitage, Jackie Searl. Directed by Stuart Walker. Story by Charles Dickens.

AS a forerunner of the many Dickens stories now in production, Great Expectations has a certain interest. It shows, too, the great difficulties in bringing these leisurely novels to the screen. One of two courses is open to the studios: to eliminate minor events and cut the plot until it fits scenario form, and shock the Dickens lovers: or to treat the story with respect and fill the picture so full of characters and plot the audience is left wondering what it is all about.

Universal, in its presentation of Great Expectations, attempts to retain every ounce of flavor of the original Dickens tale. Unfortunately, there are so many people strolling through the story, so many plots and subplots, that one is never given much chance to focus interest on any set of characters or event. And as if this were not enough, the actors spend most of their time talking about things which happened far in the past, just to make certain you're missing none of the story.

The rôle which we assume to be the chief one is played by Phillips Holmes, who displays an amazing knack of getting himself adopted. As a child he is taken in by a crazed eccentric who hasn't seen daylight since her fiancé jilted her many years ago. There he falls in love with a girl who'll have nothing to do with him because he's beneath her. In his young manhood Holmes is adopted by a convict, raised as a gentleman, and in the end wins the girl.

Great Expectations has some moments of gentle humor and occasional flashes of dark horror. It also introduces an interesting newcomer to the screen in Henry Hull. But if you must know what it's all about you'll have to see the picture yourself. And we cannot, in sincerity, advise you to do that.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charles John Huffham Dickens was born in Landport, England, in 1812. Father was a clerk in the navy pay office. Dickens became journalist and wrote under name of Boz till Pickwick made him famous. Most of his novels were written as serials against time, with great crowds eagerly awaiting each new installment. Died at fifty-eight, in 1870, dropping suddenly from his chair. Oliver Twist has been filmed a couple of times but not too well. New revival of his works now being witnessed throughout Western World, with studios fighting feverishly to film something of his. Is buried in Westminster Abbey, Poets' Corner. . . . Henry Hull was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1893, son of a newspaperman. Two brothers have won stage fame: one, Howard, now married to Margaret Anglin; the other, Shelley, died a few years ago. Is a graduate mining engineer. Is married to Juliet Van Wyck Fremont, daughter of famous California general. The Hulls have three children: Henry Fremont, Shelley, and Joan. Hull speaks five languages. . . . Florence Reed is veteran of a thousand stage emotions and the famous Mother Goddam of Shanghai Gesture. . . . Jane Wyatt made her film début in One More River. . . . Francis L. Sullivan is no relation to John L. but an English actor and schoolmate of Charles Laughton. Came over here for this picture.

★ ½ LADY BY CHOICE

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, May Robson, Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, Raymond Walburn, James Burke. Directed by David Burton. Story by Dwight Taylor.

CALCULATED to cash in on the popularity of the sentimental and rowdy Lady for a Day, Lady by Choice will do no such thing. May

May Robson, the "horrible example," and Carole Lombard as they appear in Lady by Choice.

Robson, stressing all the unpleasant sordidness of her rôle and entirely missing the pathos and humor of it, is seen as a raucous sot who falls in with a beautiful fan dancer.

Herself once a woman of charm, Miss Robson attempts to straighten the ways of the luscious Miss Lombard, who has been giving consistently fine performances lately. Miss Robson brings up herself as a horrible example of what becomes of fan dancers; but when she sees that it is of no use, she has the disillusioned girl arrested. The gentle judge, played by Walter Connolly, decrees that Miss Lombard must either serve a term in jail or marry the nice young attorney she loved all the time.

There's a problem that Shirley Temple could solve quicker than you can say Liberty, but it serves as a climax for the picture. Lady by Choice is an energetic uneven film which has little of the charm so needed in a story of its type.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dumpling chic blonde lovely sweet-formed Carole Lombard was born Jane Alice Peters at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 6, 1909, dotter of well-to-do parents. Was raised in Los Angeles. Busted loose from budding Southern Cal social career to become horse-opera heroine, then Mack Sennett custard receiver, and then naturally to the big klieg time. Married William Powell in 1931—Powell being seventeen years older than self. Clashing careers caused the collapse of the cottage for two. Still great friends with Powell. Never wears the same formal gown more than two or three times. Wears her sports clothes till they literally fall off if she likes them. Is socially versatile: loves to read, play fiendish bridge, ping-pong, horseback-ride, swim, collect books, enjoy music. Can cook. Gets about $2,000 a week. . . . May Robson is now the Grand Old Lady of the Screen. Born abroad, she came to America in 1883 and first appeared in The Hoop of Gold at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House. Lives in charming Mexican pueblo in Bev Hills, surrounded by birds and pets, mementos of her enormous stage career. Has son, a stockbroker, Edward Gore, whom she writes in New York every day. Must get about $2,000. . . . Roger Pryor, son of the bandmaster, comes of a family which has always been actor or musician. Became actor despite father's advice to go straight. Brother Arthur, Jr., also warned, became musician.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate.

★★★—The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **CHER AMI** by Marion B. Cothren. Little, Brown & Company.
The biography of a war pigeon who made his journey home from war in an officer's cabin just for himself. A handful of feathers with the heart of a soldier.

★ ★ ★ **DIAMOND JIM** by Parker Morell. Simon & Schuster.
Another colorful look-see into the lobster-and-champagne past.

★ ★ **HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?** by H. A. Ripley. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The famous games that Liberty printed now available in book form.

★ ★ **AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE AGENT** by Don Wilkie as told to Mark Lee Luther. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Twice-told but exciting tales by the son of a famous government sleuth.

★ ★ **MORNING STAR** by Marian Sims. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Emily Fenton does everything that is expected of her until she finds courage to break away and seek her own happiness.

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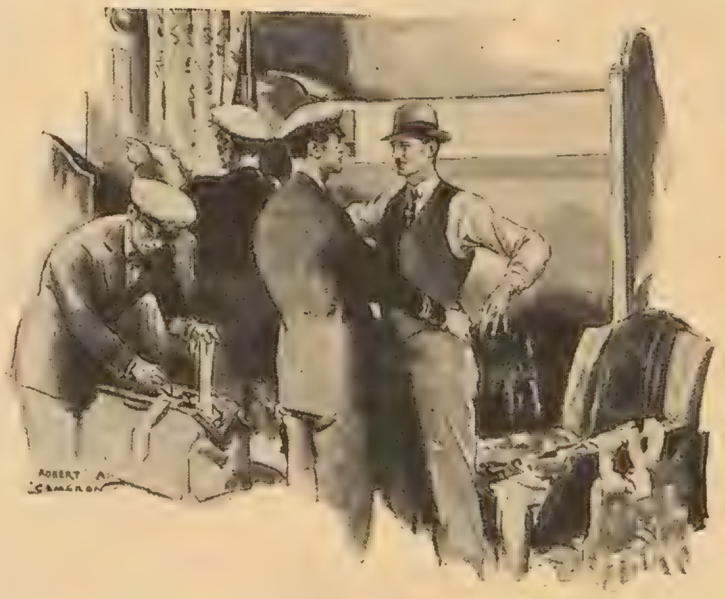
A Shot in the Arm

A Short Short Story

by LEE PASQUIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINS. 20 SECS.



R G BLAKEFORD CUSTOMS HOUSE
NEW YORK N Y U S A
RELIABLE TIP SLICK HENNESSY
ABOARD MARIMBA WITH EYE OF
BURMA STOP HALLIWELL

F R HENNESSY SS MARIMBA
THERES A LEAK STOP THE BIG BAD
WOLVES ARE AFTER YOU STOP
WATCH YOUR EYE STOP I SAID EYE
STOP HARRY

THE impeccably groomed man in the B-deck suite got the second of the two messages above and read it swiftly. Then he carefully locked his stateroom door and a sigh escaped him as he held the message in the flame of his cigarette lighter, crumbling the ashes in the table tray.

Entering the adjoining bath, he took a tube of shaving cream and with a penknife removed the clamp at the bottom. He pressed gently downward and squeezed out a quantity of the contents. Holding this under the faucet a minute, he raised his half-open hand and disclosed a pellet of red fire—a ruby so rich and beautiful that living flame seemed imprisoned in its heart.

Returning to the other room, he picked up a package of chewing gum from the table and quickly tore the waxen wrappers from two of the pieces and began to chew.

Several minutes later he left his stateroom and walked toward the main stairway, scanning the walls and doors on either side. Near the end of the companionway he came abreast of a fire extinguisher set in its rack on the wall. Nonchalantly he stood a moment peering at the printed instructions; then he returned to his cabin. . . .

"Howdy, Slick," was the somewhat surly greeting of the man who entered the cabin ahead of two others wearing the Customs Service uniform. "Are you going to be nice or do we have to look for it?"

"Really, Morrison," replied the cabin's occupant, "the longer I know you the stranger you seem. Mind telling me why I'm honored by this visit?"

"Come, come, Hennessy," returned the other brusquely. "Don't be an amateur. It's the Eye of Burma we want. You have it and we know it. We got the tip from Paris early today. Now, do you cough up or do we look for it?"

"I tell you frankly that I haven't the Eye of Burma. If that doesn't satisfy you—go hunt!"

An hour and a half later the cabin looked like the aftermath of a cyclone. With an ironic lifted eyebrow, Hennessy turned to Morrison.

"Are you," he asked, "entirely through with me? If so, I'll call a steward and have him repack my things. I have just about time to keep an appointment and I'll be leaving."

"Quit kidding, Slick," ejaculated Morrison, his face plainly betraying his chagrin. "You're leaving, all right, but—with me. We'll just take a trip to the office."

Cautioning his two assistants to remain in the cabin until further orders, Morrison with Hennessy left the room.

Hennessy chatted pleasantly as they ascended the stairs and crossed the deck. Stepping down the gangplank, his foot slipped on one of the cleats and he grasped his companion's arm to keep from falling. "Slipped that time!" He grinned cheerfully at Morrison. "But that's the only slip, Jerry. You're all wet about that ruby. I haven't got it."

The search at headquarters was as fruitless as that on the boat.

"Well, I guess you win, Slick," admitted Morrison. "Go ahead to your appointment. But"—he paused to give emphasis to his warning—"keep away from the Marimba. We think just enough of our information to give the old boat a thorough going over. Just in case."

"Wish you luck," Slick grinned. "I don't hold any hard feelings, Jerry. Come on. To show you my heart's in the right place, let's you and I go have a little shot in the arm before I hop a cab uptown." He took Morrison's arm and gently urged him toward the door.

"No, Slick," came the patently regretful reply. "I'd like to, but the boss wants to see me in a few minutes."

"Well, wish you would," replied Slick. "But if you can't, you can't. Maybe if I find something real good I'll *send* you a drink." And he held out his hand, his face lighted by a frank smile of friendliness, his firm handclasp that of a sincere well-wisher, the fingers of his left hand giving Morrison's arm a little squeeze of affection. "So long, Jerry!" And with a debonair wave he turned and left the office.

JERRY MORRISON had just comfortably settled into the day's routine the next morning when a note and a small package were delivered to him. He slit the envelope and read the note with a puzzled frown:

> Of course, Jerry [the note began], I never heard of the Eye of Burma, but had I wanted to smuggle it past your eagle gaze it might have been done like this:
>
> Suppose I got a radio tip that you were coming aboard down the harbor and that I hid the ruby *outside* the cabin. Remember that fire extinguisher in the passageway? Naturally, when you ransacked my belongings, there would be no ruby! We left the cabin and I might have collected the Eye as we walked to the stairs. *Going down the gangplank* I might have let you carry it for me and let you continue to take charge of it until the search at the office was over.
>
> Then, when I was bidding you that fond adieu, I might have thought it better to take charge again. You remember that good-by, don't you, Jerry? The firm handclasp, the little squeeze with the left hand, the disarming smile? *And* the invitation to have a little shot in the arm with me?
>
> Speaking of the drink, I said I'd send you one, didn't I? Well, open the package that accompanies this note.

The note was typewritten and unsigned, but with a sinking sensation Morrison knew the writer could have been no one but Slick.

Morrison ripped the covering off the package and brought to light a small bottle filled with a clear liquid. On a label pasted on the side was a neatly typewritten message:

> Here's *your* little shot in the arm, Jerry. It's turpentine and it'll come in handy to remove the remains of a wad of gum stuck under your right armpit. I could have put the gum there—with the ruby inside—when I slipped going down the gangplank!

THE END

A New Deal in White House Etiquette

READING TIME ● 4 MIN. 55 SEC.

How the First Lady Has Been Relaxing Some of the Rigid Rules of Washington Society

by

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

Acme photo

The First Lady with Miss Nancy Cook. Some don't consider it "proper" for her to drive.

THE question has been raised, What about a New Deal in etiquette in Washington? Even though etiquette embraces all social forms, it also includes the fundamentals of good manners, kindness, and graciousness, and the elusive and myriad things that you were taught as a child to observe seemingly without rhyme or reason. Consideration of other human beings goes on, regardless of the administration or even the form of government. I'd be glad to be one of the sheep who would follow the leader bent on eliminating time-taking forms of etiquette which have no meaning.

As a family we don't stop to consider the minor questions of etiquette about which so much has been written by professional etiquette propounders. For instance, it is not considered proper by some for a First Lady to have and use her own driver's license. Mother's roadster is usually awaiting her in front of the door. She and I go horseback riding without a protecting male escort. Mother quickly dismisses the idea of a guard when she goes to do her personal shopping or on visits to art galleries and museums.

Mother and father both feel that there is a certain part of their lives which was private before they assumed their present duties and which still has no place in newspaper columns. Both believe in forms of etiquette which have come down to us from traditions which have weathered the changes of generations of administrations and which have been found useful or delightful.

As the New Dealers and their wives have shuffled into Washington, I have heard such fervid vows as: "I will not spend every afternoon in the week paying calls!"

And from the men: "Do I have to put on that white tie again tonight, dear?"

Washington is probably the most etiquette-hidebound city in this country. It's strange to observe that after a short time almost all of those first-arrival kickers become conformists and lift exercised eyebrows at those who use their calling cards for shopping lists. If the government could only go into private business and print calling cards for the élite, the government printing plant would cover double its present twenty-three acres!

The seasoned Washingtonian settles down about the first of October to making a round of calls on every embassy, every Cabinet wife, every Senator's and Representative's wife, and now they must include the wives of all the alphabetical officials.

Etiquette in Washington has evolved to meet the demands of an ever changing population which includes people from foreign countries as well as those from every part of this country.

Here are examples of some of the tried-and-true social customs in Washington:

Each Cabinet member and his wife entertain all the other Cabinet members and their wives, usually at a dinner party, some time during the year.

Each of the Cabinet ladies in turn gives a luncheon to the First Lady.

The First Lady customarily gives a luncheon to the wives of members of the Supreme Court. No matter if your child has a touch of the croup, you must not leave a luncheon, tea, or dinner until the ranking guests of honor have departed.

During previous administrations it has been customary for each of the Cabinet members to give dinners to the President and his wife. My father, however, asked that these dinners be omitted last winter. So on March 4 of this year the members of his Cabinet and their wives gave a dinner for father and mother—a birthday dinner—at the close of this administration's first year in office. The Vice President and Mrs. Garner and the late Speaker of the House and Mrs. Rainey were also guests.

The President and his wife must give each year the following dinners and receptions:

Cabinet dinner
Dinner to Chief Justice and the Supreme Court
Diplomatic dinner
Vice President's dinner
Speaker's dinner
Diplomatic reception
Judicial reception
Congressional reception
Reception to officials of the Treasury, Post Office, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor Departments and Federal Agencies
Army and Navy reception

IT'S a strange aspect of Washington etiquette that occasionally an individual who wishes an invitation to a White House reception will write in to the White House social secretaries asking to be put on the list. This seems difficult to understand until one realizes that it is quite natural for people to feel that the White House belongs to them.

I have real sympathy for the lady who flopped in an easy-chair, pushed her hat back on her head, and moaned:

"I've paid sixty calls this afternoon, and I had the bad luck to find three people at home."

I'd like to see informal gatherings which would make it easier for the ever present strangers in Washington to become acquainted without having to think immediately and always of such questions as, "Should I return her call within a week?" or "Would it be all right to ask her and her husband to dinner, or must I first give a dinner for their superiors?"

I personally feel that mother has done her share toward at least starting this particular phase in the New Deal for etiquette, chiefly because she has the natural ability and initiative to assemble groups of people who have congenial interests. Even in the most formal occasions she injects a spontaneous and personal atmosphere which takes the starch out of stiff necks. I must admit I haven't tried to restrain her, because I enjoy hearing unstifled laughs echo through the White House halls.

Hats off, gentlemen, to the etiquette which will leave time for ladies to think of something besides the correct dress for the occasion and the topic of conversation for this evening's dinner party!

THE END

The Myth of Scotland Yard

© Daily Mail

Scotland Yard's archway and gates.

"If It Had to Deal with the American Criminal It Would Break Down in Twenty-four Hours and Call Out the Army"

says

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE highly advertised efficiency and incorruptibility of Scotland Yard is a fantastic myth—though to attack this myth is almost as dangerous and unprecedented as to attack the integrity of the British Parliament.

Scotland Yard, faced with the present crime situation in New York or Chicago or any other large American city, would be as helpless as a Boy Scout outfit in the face of a longshoremen's strike. Half of its operators would be in the cemetery within one week. Yet Scotland Yard is given most of the credit for the low crime record of Greater London—an area covering seven hundred square miles, with some 8,000,000 inhabitants.

The mighty reputation of the Yard is founded mostly on the tradition that like Canada's Mounties it always gets its man. And that tradition is a myth.

During the first six months of 1934 there were exactly three murders committed in the Greater London area that called for even the slightest police work.

The first, committed early in January, was the killing of an old woman in Croydon by three young men. The men were caught and brought to trial, and all three were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, although later two were turned loose by the Criminal Court of Appeals on a technicality and the death sentence of the third was commuted to life imprisonment.

The second, committed in May, was "the Epping Forest murder." A sign painter, married to a woman some years older than himself, would often take young women for strolls in the forest. At eight one evening he was found lying in a hollow with his head bashed in.

Scores of detectives from Scotland Yard's famous Criminal Investigation Division were rushed to the scene. It was a filthy little murder, obviously inspired by some jealous sweetheart or irate father. London afternoon papers screamed their headlines, circulations went up—and Scotland Yard failed completely.

I covered the murder with a London reporter, and at the neighborhood police station visited the Scotland Yard official who had charge of the case. His feet were cocked on a table and he was reading an afternoon paper. His imagination and resourcefulness had been stretched to the straining point. His sleuths drew a goose egg.

The third sensational murder occurred in June. It revolved around the seaside resort of Brighton, well outside the jurisdiction of the London Metropolitan Police—the official name for Scotland Yard—but the C. I. D. investigators were called in by the carload.

In the middle of a hot afternoon a checkman in a Brighton railway checkroom, finally conscious of an odor that he eventually traced to a trunk that had been checked in the room for some three weeks, called in a policeman and had the trunk opened. Inside was the headless and legless body of a young woman.

It was the greatest murder mystery in years.

The third day the police appealed to the public to come forward with any possible information. An old butcher knife that might have had a part in the hideous crime was found, and again the police asked every housewife in that part of England who had thrown away or had missed any such knife to get in touch immediately with police headquarters.

But up to the moment this is being written Scotland Yard's master detectives are still running in circles. Their record for the first half of 1934 was one murder in the bag and two unsolved. Yet the myth lives on.

The real explanation of the very low crime rate in London and all England lies in seven factors that are quite independent of the Yard itself:

1. A system of swift and sure court justice—with police magistrates and High Court judges appointed for life and entirely removed from political influence.

2. Court procedures and traditions that are concerned with the giving of swift and certain justice—and not with the *defeat* of justice.

3. A complete divorcing of the whole police system from local or even national politics.

4. A law-abiding public instinctively against the criminal and ready to give aid and information against the lawbreaker.

5. A tradition against violence that expresses itself most dramatically in the fact that London police are unarmed. It is the eternal threat of swift, sure justice that gives substance to this will for law and order.

6. A small highly centralized country, giving little opportunity for the known criminal to escape or hide for any length of time.

Universal Pictorial Press Photo

At right: Scotland Yard from the Thames. The older of its buildings was put up in 1885.

© Photopress, London

Below: In the Yard's Central Finger Print Bureau. It has 400,000 prints of criminals.

Bottom: The London bobby. He is so polite partly because he is made to feel inferior.

7. The high and incorruptible ethics of the legal profession.

After a thorough first-hand investigation of Scotland Yard I have no hesitancy in adding these statements:

1. Man for man, the police of Scotland Yard will not measure up to the police of the average American or Canadian city in native intelligence, knowledge of crime and criminals, experience, or ability.

2. Scotland Yard is years behind the best American and Canadian forces in equipment, such as police cars, detection laboratories, and general detection work.

3. If Scotland Yard had to deal with the desperate criminal of the United States, with his organization, wealth, *and political influence*, it would break down in twenty-four hours and call out the army.

4. By far the greater percentage of Scotland Yard's far-famed murder solutions have been the direct result of information or tips given by the public and not of brilliant sleuth work on the part of the C. I. D.

5. Until the recent appointment of Air Marshal Hugh Trenchard as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London the force was honeycombed with petty graft, which in certain cases assumed major proportions. Lord Trenchard's first step was a desperate attempt at a thorough cleansing of the force of grafters and the more flagrant cases of inefficiency.

6. Even compared to a number of country police forces in England, the Yard no longer merits its reputation. London's leading crime expert, Leslie Randall of the Daily Express, was bold enough to write on March 26, 1934: " It is almost heresy to say so, but the best of the provincial police forces are far ahead of Scotland Yard [which] is still living on its old reputation. Nearly every ' innovation ' it has introduced in the last twenty or thirty years has been copied from one or another of the provincial centers."

7. In no city in the world are there more unpleasant examples of night street solicitation than at this very moment in the Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square districts of the city of London.

8. In the 105 years' history of Scotland Yard no Commissioner has been appointed from the force itself, and only one deputy commissioner or assistant deputy commissioner. The next lower posts are the chief constables and even these are filled mostly from outside the force. Recruiting has always been done largely among the poorly educated countrymen from Devon and Yorkshire Counties, and they have been disciplined and taught from the start that they were the intellectual inferiors of the ex-army officers and " gentlemen " at the top, invariably appointed from the outside.

9. It is at least partly due to this studied discipline, with its certain stamping of an inferiority complex, that the London bobby has gained his reputation for politeness. The caste-and-class system has planted him low in the social scale, and he is taught to hold that place. He knows that by no personal achievement can he hope to reach the top of the police ladder.

Until recently no real attempt was made to get better educated men of the higher classes into the police force. Previous to about 1927 only 1 per cent of the police recruits had the equivalent to a high-school education. Now it is about 10 per cent. And a few months ago a Police College for the training of public-school boys who would swiftly become higher officers was established in London. But this will mean the hard-and-fast drawing of even more class lines in the force.

To the average foreign layman Scotland Yard means only the detective force of the London Metropolitan Police.

This is not correct. Scotland Yard is the headquarters for the whole Metropolitan Force—and only one section of its gaunt stone buildings on the River Thames holds the famed C. I. D.

Incidentally it is not a "yard" and has nothing to do with Scotland. It is so called because centuries ago it was the site of the residence of the kings and queens of Scotland when they visited the English court.

THE original police administrative center, established in 1829, was at 4 Whitehall Place, near the Houses of Parliament, and backed on to the old Scotland Yard. The designation of the headquarters as "Scotland Yard" began about 1842, when the original Detective Branch was established in a building in old Scotland Yard. Gradually the original buildings of the headquarters overflowed into near-by houses, and finally, in 1885, a site on the Thames River Embankment was secured and the present Scotland Yard building was erected. By 1890 all the central departments were concentrated in Scotland Yard, and in 1907 a companion building was constructed, with a Bridge of Sighs connecting the two units.

From its beginning the Metropolitan Police of Greater London was removed from local hands and placed directly under the authority of the Home Secretary, of the Cabinet, who was responsible only to Parliament. The final organization was perfected 105 years ago when the Home Secretary was the very able Sir Robert Peel. On September 29, 1829, the first thousand of the new police force began their patrol in blue tail coats and top hats. They were at once dubbed "blue devils," "peelers," "coppers," and "bobbies." It was this last nickname, derived from Sir Robert's name, that has stuck.

The Criminal Investigation Department was established in 1878. In 1901 the Central Finger Print Bureau was established, which at present has some 400,000 fingerprint records of known criminals throughout England. Each year roughly 35,000 fingerprints of persons awaiting trial in different parts of England are sent to this central bureau. Any police force in England or Wales has the privilege of using its full facilities.

A new and useful addition is the Crime Index. This is based on a system of criminal classification technically known as the M. O. (or *modus operandi*) system. Here are listed and cross-indexed all the peculiar characteristics that mark a criminal's methods.

Many a burglar, for instance, often leaves behind some telltale bit of evidence that may be almost as indicative of him as if he had dropped his calling card.

But with all this elaborate system a high percentage of crime in London goes unsolved. Of the 13,800 "breakings" (burglaries, etc.) committed in 1932, *only a fraction over 13 per cent were solved by Scotland Yard. The remaining 87 per cent were unsolved.*

In that year there were twenty-three cases of murder of persons over one year old in the city of Greater London. Of these the murderer immediately committed suicide in thirteen. As for the remaining ten, three men and two women were adjudged insane.

This leaves five of what might be called real murders. Of these five, two men, both survivors of suicide pacts, were arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

In the other three cases no arrests were made. Scotland Yard had fallen down in three out of five cases!

But it is only fair to add that there is much that is wrong in the police systems of United States cities.

Broadly speaking, it is not graft that hamstrings so much of the effort of their highly efficient criminal catchers as it is corruptible politicians, unscrupulous criminal lawyers, and a court system that is almost unspeakable. Besides, by and large the people of the United States by tradition and instinct have little respect for or fear of the law. To call them a "nation of lawbreakers" is not far off the point.

From the James Boys and the Daltons to Dillinger, Americans have all too often glorified their criminals.

In sharp contrast is the attitude of the British public. I covered a classic example of it in the Hazels Wood section, near Arundel, a short distance from London.

EARLY in the morning of last May 28, a twenty-nine-year-old man named Leonard Hill attempted to rob a house. Two constables arrived in a police lorry, and just at dawn hurried off in the direction the thief had taken on his bicycle.

On the fringe of the moors they overtook the cyclist, crowded him off the road, and tried to capture him. He fired three shots. Two struck one of the constables in the fleshy part of his leg. The man then fled.

Neither of the police officers was armed. The uninjured officer helped his comrade into the machine and hurried back to headquarters. In a flash the whole countryside was hot on the chase. Hundreds of police were called in and an even greater number of citizens. The police were given arms.

All day and all night the hunt went on. Women with dogs joined in. At dawn, when the dogs were closing in on the hunted man, he put his gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

He was not sure whether or not he had killed the policeman, but he was taking no chances. If he had, he knew he would be hanged within six to eight weeks. Even if he had not, he would face a sentence of at least fifteen years at hard labor—with an additional punishment of probably twenty-five strokes with the lash.

During the past twenty years in the whole city of London there have been on an average only thirty cases per year of armed crimes of violence.

"We don't let 'em get started," a London police officer explained to me. "Any criminal who is caught with a revolver is in for it. Swift and sure as the income tax he will face the maximum sentence and a good dose of the lash besides. There will be no delays, stays, bails, or any such foolishness."

I repeat that an incorruptible court system, a high-minded legal profession, and a general respect for law and order in England have held up the hands of an old-fashioned and not too efficient Scotland Yard.

THE END

WELL, WELL, LEFTY – I'D THINK A SMART GUY LIKE YOU WOULD OIL SQUEAKY DOORS WITH 3-IN-ONE BEFORE YOU PRY 'EM OPEN
NRA
3-IN-ONE OIL
3
LUBRICATES CLEANS AND POLISHES PREVENTS RUST AND TARNISH

No joking about it — 3-in-One is the oil to use on squeaky hinges, stubborn locks and latches. It not only lubricates but prevents rust. All stores.

IN **NEW** HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

TO THE LADIES!

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe, and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

LINDBERGH at the age of sixty-two—I have been talking with him.

This was my thought the other day as I conversed with Louis Bleriot, father of French aviation. His enthusiasm for everything to do with flying has kept him so young in spirit that I said to myself, " This is what Lindbergh will be like at his age."

" Thirty years ago," M. Bleriot told me, " I was in the business of manufacturing lights for automobiles, and secretly experimenting with airplanes in a yard behind my factory."

M. Bleriot's next words were memorable. He said:

" I built a high fence around my experimental shop. I did my work there in secret—*because I knew that people would think me crazy for being interested in aviation,* and I was afraid they would say, ' We don't want to buy auto lights from a crazy man.' "

LOUIS BLERIOT

Son of a farmer, Louis Bleriot won fame with his pioneer flight across the English Channel, became a world-renowned aëronautical engineer, is honored now as France's number one airman. He believes transatlantic air travel will soon be safe for all—as soon as *floating islands,* anchored upon the ocean, provide a chain of refueling stations. " For overseas flying," he said, " they will do what Suez and Panama have done for travel by sea."

Other high lights from my talk with Bleriot:

His praise for air-minded Frenchwomen as research engineers. . . . His quaint recollection of dismay in Roumania when the propeller of his plane fell off and went pinwheeling across the field, leaving him a chagrined non-starter before the eyes of royalty. . . . His interesting comment on the number of pioneer flyers inspired by visions of world peace. " Lindbergh," he said, " is one of them."

DO you know that perfume wisdom follows the seasons? Certain perfumes are best in summer weather, while others belong definitely to the frosty months. The trick is to learn which are which.

There is only one way to be sure. Try them out. In a cold room, dab yourself with what you guess will be an effective winter scent. Then walk into a warm room. Wait a few minutes for the heat to take hold. If the scent remains light and elusive, you have guessed right. You have found your winter perfume.

Perfumes spicily blended do their best work in the open air of summer. In rooms artificially heated flower perfumes yield the best response. As a general rule, winter is the time for lightly blended perfumes. Heavy ones are liable to become oppressive in artificial heat.

I KNOW a woman of thirty who has married a man of fifty-six. They are happy together. She is gay, vivacious, young for her years—and her husband fits in very well with people of her age. He enjoys it. He and she spend most of their time in such company.

But a strange situation arises when they visit *his* family. His sister is seventy-two, his brother-in-law is *eighty-six.* After dinner they play a few sedate rubbers of bridge until their early bedtime. There, in their elderly midst, sits the vivacious wife of thirty.

Meanwhile young nieces, nephews, and grandchildren whirl through the house on *their* way to parties and dances. And the wife of thirty feels forlorn because she can't whirl away with them. Of course she can't! In *that* house her place, by marriage, is with the old folks. Lucky for her, say I—and for her husband, too—that they don't live there permanently.

There is nothing portentous in all this—just an unusual hand of cards in the ever-entertaining game of matrimony.

A DIAMOND expert has been dazzling me with illuminative information about the precious pebbles.

First Flash: Acquire every diamond in the United States, and your collection would fill a bin eight feet square.

Second Flash: The weight of all the diamonds in the world today has been approximately estimated at fifty tons.

Third Flash: About $120,000,000 worth of diamonds are imported into this country every year for retail sale.

Fire Facts: Roast, bake, or toast your diamond rings until the settings melt—and nothing will happen to the stones. Diamonds are practically impervious to fire. Rubies and sapphires are *not* fireproof.

Biggest diamonds in this country are Mrs. Edward McLean's Hope Diamond and the Tiffany Company's great Canary Diamond.

LOOK at the squirrels! See the way they sit up when they watch us humans. Notice the right paw clasped over the fluttering little heart—the breathless quiet — the dark eyes brightly expectant!

I recommend a study of squirrels for movie actresses. In almost every picture some film star tries to appear attractively alarmed. The squirrels can teach them how.

Vox

DID A GOOD JOB

WASHINGTON, D. C.—My hat's off to Frazier Hunt. I served for four years and a half with the Canadian Army during the war, from private to captain attached G. H. Q. during October and November, 1918. I saw the Prince several times, and no better fellow ever lived. Hunt did a good job, but no one can really put in print the real Prince and do him justice.—*F. A. M.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—Frazier Hunt in The Bachelor Prince, or Why the Prince of Wales Will Never Marry (beginning in September 29 Liberty), says: "Everything that concerns the next King of England concerns the people of the United States." That's what you might term laughingly true. The next King of England might pay the United States something on the British war debt. That's about all that concerns the U. S. A. today regarding the Prince of Wales.—*T. R. Lovejoy.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Frazier Hunt predicts that the present Prince of Wales "will, if he lives, be the first Bachelor King of England." Edward the Fifth, 1483, and Edward the Sixth, from 1547 to 1553, were bachelor kings.—*Lonsdale Green.*

REGINA, SASK.—I thoroughly enjoyed The Bachelor Prince, but Frazier Hunt made a mistake when he said the Prince of Wales will become King Edward VIII.

When the Prince ascends the throne he will be known as King David.—*Leslie H. Harris.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I quote from the October 6 installment of The Bachelor Prince: "When his grandfather, Edward, had attended Oxford—"

When Edward VII was Prince of Wales he attended Cambridge University.—*R. R. Shaw, B.A. Cantab.*

[The Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 8, Fourteenth Edition, says that Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, studied at both Christ Church, Oxford, and at Trinity College, Cambridge.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CINCINNATUS IN SEATTLE

SEATTLE, WASH. — Bernarr Macfadden's editorial Upton Sinclair Wants to Sell Us Government Ownership, in October 20 Liberty, states: "What we need at this time is the idealism of the old-time Americanism—the rigid honesty for which we were noted in former generations."

The New Order of Cincinnatus, comprising 2,000 young men in the State of Washington, is conducting an amazing crusade to reëstablish the very idealism to which Mr. Macfadden referred.

Our state and its too numerous local subdivisions is, like the other states, a community of disgusted citizenry. So disgusted and disillusioned, in fact, that in election after election our people remain away from the polls.

Cincinnatus was organized by a group of young men who felt there was an opportunity for real service by working to restore public confidence in public service. Instead of waiting for the old politicians and parties to reform with new men and methods, Cincinnatus submitted three young men to the voters of Seattle in a Councilmanic election—three young men of proper education and outstanding qualifications of honesty and integrity. One of these candidates, David Lockwood, twenty-seven, was elected by the second largest vote ever given a City Councilman in Seattle. All that was offered to the voter was character and ability.

Cincinnatus is continuing its campaign for a rebirth of idealism in government.—*Chester A. Lesh.*

UNRAVELING A MYSTERY FOR A MERE MAN

ALMONTE, ONT.—In the second installment of Modern Lady, by Grace Perkins (September 15 Liberty), we read: "She rose wearily and dressed in skirt and blouse and shoes and coat over no underwear at all . . . and started the two-mile walk to Hannahan's Bakery."

Ye gods! I've often wondered how much or how little these modern gals step out in, and now, thanks to Miss Perkins, I think I know.—*Lloyd E. Thompson.*

"FAIR, CHILDISH, ROTTEN"

CASPER, WYO.—When a fellow submits a short short story, why not grade it for him when you reject it—fair, childish, rotten? "The Macfadden Publications" is an awful rejection signature. Have some one sign a name and check off the trouble with it. There would be something definite and human to that.—*R. M. Hancock.*

JEKYLL-HYDE HUSBANDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I contend, after a review of the cases of the unfortunates upon whose marriages I have performed the "last rites" of divorce and after observations of various people *en famille*, that the major portion of domestic disruptions are due to the average husband's Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde complex.

In the office he is the paragon of perfection in courtesy, consideration, understanding, tact, and diplomacy. He makes a sincere effort to understand every one from the office boy to the president, and usually succeeds because he is determined to achieve harmony and cohesion and applies himself to the consummation of that purpose.

Now observe Mr. Husband in his home. He is the very antithesis of himself at the office! With unbridled emotion, pique, and unreasonable obstinacy he rides Juggernaut over his wife, without the slightest attempt to accord her the same treatment that his stenographer would receive at his hands in the office.

I am unalterably of the opinion that were he to dominate—not domineer—over his home and his wife with the same qualities that make him so valuable an employee at the office, he would arrive at perfect domestic felicity rather than in a court for the trial of matrimonial causes.—*Edward A. Lynn, Attorney at Law.*

TO A SOAP-BOX RED

CHICAGO, ILL.—

The native said to the Communist Red,
"Clear out with your fiery flame;
If you don't like our flag, just pack up your bag
And go to—from where you came.

"If you don't like the blare of our national air
(We claim it's the best on earth),
Go back to the note that rang from your throat
In the land that gave you birth.

"If you don't like the men that govern us, then
Go back to dictators and kings;
And there meekly squirm like a well behaved worm
And cheer while the army sings.

"Get down from that box and pull up your sox—
Your exodus starts today;
For no Communist scheme or Soviet dream
Can live in the U. S. A."

—*Oliver Allstorm,*
Member of American Legion.

ZILCH TEACHERS WIN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Is it possible to teach any one in authority in broadcasting—sponsors or otherwise—that there is such a thing as *news* sense?

On a recent Saturday I listened to two supposedly *news* reports of football games. Did they tell you first the scores of the big important games? They did not! Living in New York, I was naturally anxious to hear the outcome of the Columbia-Yale game, then have that followed by Harvard and Princeton and Notre Dame and teams of nation-wide importance. What these teams do is *news.*

What did I get? I got the results of a game between the Podunk Teachers and the Whoosis Teachers. Then the Zilch Teachers against the Spivis Teachers. Then I got the Down East Aggies against the Dry Earth Farmers, and finally I got so dizzy listening to the droning voice of the announcer that by the time he did occasionally mix in the scores of important teams I was falling asleep.

Can't something be done about this?—*Jason Bogart.*

MOGULS ARE AWAKENING

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Samuel Goldwyn is to be commended on his article Making It a Sin to See Pictures, in October 13 Liberty. It looks as if the cinema moguls are actually awakening to the irreparable damage that obscene and licentious pictures have done to the morals of humanity in general. Admittedly, sex pictures are great box-office attractions and one can hardly blame the producers for capitalizing on them.

Perhaps I would do the same had I the opportunity. However, the way I feel at present is that we owe it to our impressionable youth to preserve their manliness by introducing themes consistent with religion and morality.—*Eugene Irvine.*

Pop

AN AUTHOR ANSWERS CRITIC

SEATTLE, WASH.—William J. Patterson's protest in October 6 Vox Pop that outboard hydroplanes at high speed make less wash than at low speed shows that he does not read his stories with the same study and technical care with which he would have written them.

Contrary to Mr. Patterson's suspicion, I have seen a hydro or two in action. In fact, it was the action of a hydro on a turn in a narrow inlet that gave me the idea for Sand House [August 25 Liberty]. Barring mechanical trouble, accidents in hydros occur usually on the turns at high speeds, as the villain in the story intimated. That hydros on a turn do create quite a wash is a proven fact.—*Nard Jones.*

ONLY THE KISSER AND THE KISSEE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I agree with M. Roberts in October 6 Vox Pop that prolonged kissing in the movies should be abolished — but not on morality grounds. That aspect of the case doesn't bother me at all. It is for this reason: kissing isn't of the slightest interest to any one, only the kisser and the kissee. —*Stephen O'Hagan.*

STRICTLY CONSTITUTIONAL, SINCLAIR WIRES

BERNARR MACFADDEN NEW YORK N Y PLEASE WITHDRAW STATEMENT THAT OUR EPIC MOVEMENT CONTEMPLATES QUOTE CONFISCATION OF IDLE LANDS FACTORIES ETC UNQUOTE WE HAVE MADE CLEAR ON EVERY OCCASION THAT WE PLAN TO RENT OR PURCHASE PROPERTIES AND ONLY FROM THOSE WISHING TO RENT OR SELL OUR MOVEMENT IS STRICTLY CONSTITUTIONAL AND SEEKS MAJORITY CONSENT

UPTON SINCLAIR

BUT IT HURTS AS MUCH

MONTREAL, QUE.—Now a Vox Popper tells us that children are spanked in English schools. If spanking means striking with the open hand, then it is not permitted. Girls are " caned " or " birched " in England. The cane is usually applied on the open palm of the hand, before the class; but the birch is given in private by the head mistress or the governess, always with the assent of parents.

The culprit is called to report to the " head," and in order to be ready for the occasion all underwear is left aside at the dormitory. The " head " will then apply from six to fifteen strokes of the birch according to the nature of the offense committed. The birch is made of about twenty slender twigs spreading like a fan and tied at one end to form a handle.

Mother also punished us in like manner, and well do I remember having to disrobe to receive a well earned application of the rod.

Nevertheless, if it was painful at the time, we thank our parents today for having punished us according to our deserts.—*Alma.*

ON ALL NEWS STANDS DECEMBER 26

KINGSTON, ONT.—I hope Liberty is planning another cover calendar for its first issue of 1935. I know of no place where I could have bought a calendar which filled the bill as does Liberty's 1934 calendar. Be a good sport and put one out for the new year.—*W. A. Jones, M.D., F.R.C.P., Ontario Institute of Radiotherapy.*

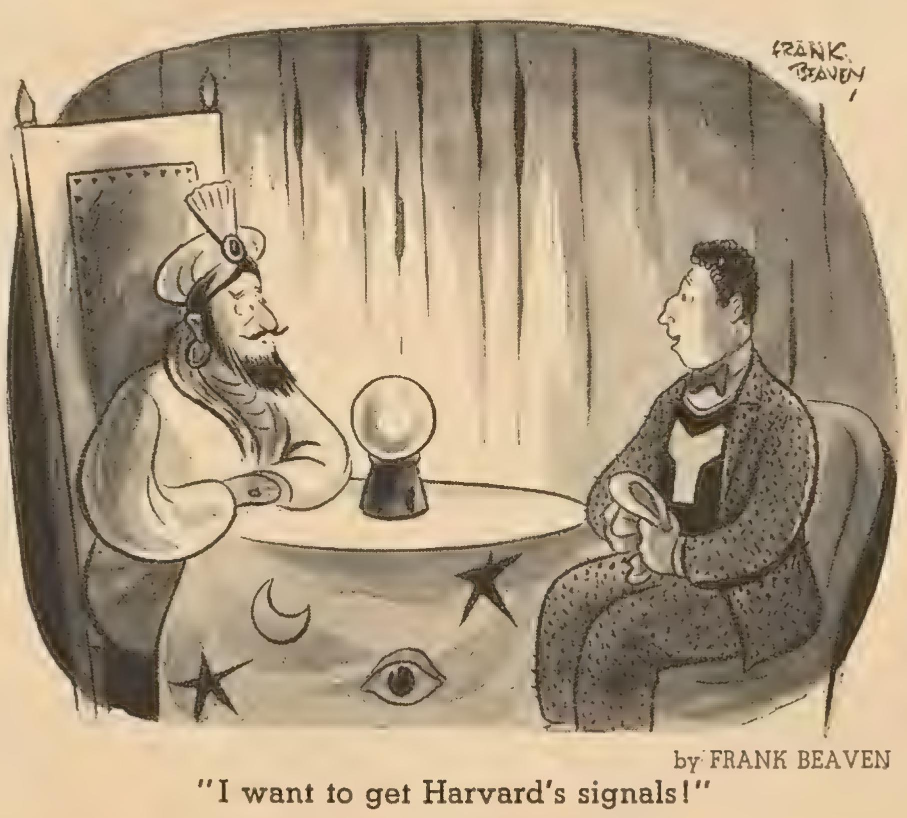
WHAT'S A FEW MILLIONS AMONG YACHTSMEN?

SAN MARINO, CALIF.—It seems to be fashionable to exaggerate the swarms of money humming around the America's Cup. One magazine, in an article, stated the challengers and defenders have spent more than $100,000,000 racing for the " old mug." Then Liberty in its September 22 issue fixed the total cost at between fifty and seventy-five millions.

I feel sure these are great boosts over the actual figures and have made an estimate of the costs of all vessels that have ever had anything to do with the cup. The total cost here shows less than $11,500,000.

I have been interested in yachting all my life and for ten years was editor of a yachting magazine. I cannot pretend that all my estimates are accurate, but they are based on costs of similar vessels built at the times of those in question, and considerable has been added for good measure. Such high figures as those given in magazines are likely to create a prejudice against the sport of yachting.

My own estimates give a total of only $11,450,000.—*H. B. Warren.*



by FRANK BEAVEN

"I want to get Harvard's signals!"

CLEVER WORK, CHIEF!

FINDLAY, OHIO—Because he stole a copy of Liberty, a seventeen-year-old colored boy here has had his liberty severely curbed by Chief of Police Larkins. John Claypool bought the magazine and marked several passages in one of its articles.

Then he left it in his automobile and the car was stolen.

Chief Larkins suspected the boy, a police character, but could find no trace of the missing auto. He did, however, find a copy of Liberty in the boy's home, and Claypool identified several marked passages in it as having been made by him. On this evidence the boy confessed to the theft of the car as well as a long series of other thefts, and as a result he has lost his liberty, both personally and in magazine form.—*G. D. W.*

SINS OF THE FATHER

McCOLL, S. C.—France has a law which removes the children of an executed person to another part of the country. The change is brought about secretly. The world will not point its finger at these children and say, " Their father was a murderer "; employers will not bar them from work. The world does not know their real identities.

Why cannot this government do the same? In exacting our justice from the criminal, let us not force his child to tread his path.—*W. C. P. Bellinger, Jr.*

IS THIS THE FIRST JOKE?

OAKLAND, CALIF. — I suggest you adopt a joke column in Liberty. Pay us five dollars a joke for all accepted. Of course some vindictive soul will come out with the crack that the whole publication is a joke anyway! But don't let that deter you.—*F. H. Harding.*

IF JAPAN ATTACKED ALASKA —

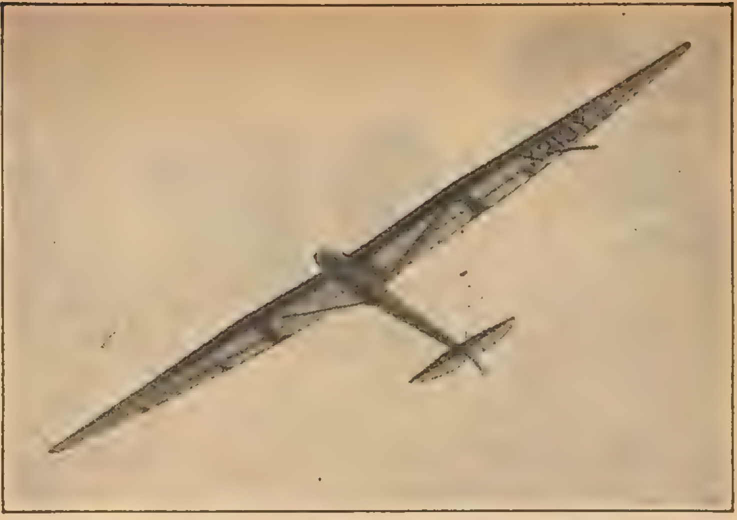
BELLEVILLE, ONT.—If Japan attacked Alaska, what would happen if the United States found itself so hard pressed defending the homeland that it couldn't help its territory and said to Great Britain and Canada, " If you want Japan as a neighbor, you can have her " ?

In my opinion, within twenty-four hours after such a proclamation you would find every British boat big enough to tote a cannon, every Canadian Mountie not after a man, and every Canuck that owned a pair of ear muffs hell-bent for Alaska. — *Bruce May.*

THE BEST PART

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. —The best part about your magazine each week is the titles Beverly Hills gives her movie reviews. How can she think of a new one each time? — *Maxine Allen.*

Man Learns the Hawk's Secret



How the Art of Sailing the Skies in Motorless Planes Has Gained Ground in America

by CHARLES H. GALE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AGAIN next summer, as last, the air sailors of the United States will be sniffing the warm breezes that blow around the hills of Elmira, New York, watching the cumulus clouds as they move across the hills and valleys, and studying rare meteorological instruments just as avidly as any deep-water sailor ever did.

Satisfied that the air sailing is good, they will launch themselves in motorless planes from the hilltops in their annual national regatta.

From last June 23 to July 8 the air above Elmira was to aviation what Long Island Sound is to the boating world, though wings were used instead of sails, and the pilots rode clouds instead of waves.

Soaring is flying in the purest sense. It is the nearest man has approached to the example of his first flying instructors, the sea gulls and the hawks. Interestingly enough, most army, navy, and civilian pilots do not know what soaring is all about.

In motorless planes the pilots glide and soar. Gliding is sliding downhill in the air. Soaring is the art of gaining altitude, staying aloft for hours on end, and going places across country—all without the benefit of an engine. Already American pilots have soared for 21 hours without landing, have flown 155 miles across country—this was Richard C. du Pont, Jr.'s achievement in June, when he flew from Elmira to Somerset hills, New Jersey—and have maneuvered to more than 6,000 feet above their take-off point. And they are just beginning.

History records that the glider was the father of the airplane. Before airplanes there were gliders, and before them only the gulls and hawks. In fact, the Wright brothers glided several years before they flew the first airplane, which was nothing more than a glider built large and strong enough to carry a man and a crude engine.

The airplane stole the show until the Versailles Treaty rang down the curtain on airplane operations in early postwar Germany and gave the glider a chance. The more than 10,000 glider pilots in Germany and the 30,000 in Russia today undoubtedly will be matched in the United States before many years as the movement expands under the leadership of the Soaring Society of America.

The Germans have admitted they have squeezed almost the maximum performance out of their craft in the terrain and meteorological conditions which affect their flying. They have gone more than 225 miles across country, stayed aloft 36 hours 25 minutes, and reached 8,494 feet altitude—all world records. This altitude record is the official one; German pilots at Rio last winter were reported to have bettered 10,000 feet. We are not far behind and conditions favor us.

There is nothing mysterious about flying without an engine. Soaring is done in vertical—uprushing—currents of air. These currents act on the special high-efficiency wings much as the horizontal breezes do on the sails of a sailing vessel. The soaring pilot has four sailing grounds—the air currents deflected upward by ridges facing directly into the wind; the warm columns of air (thermals) which rush upward on summer days and, cooling, condense into the familiar billowy cumulus clouds; the two " fronts " in which cold air or a storm area rushes across the countryside and pushes the warmer air ahead of it and upward.

This is how it is done: The sailplane or utility glider—called utility because it can be used for both soaring and training—is placed on the brow of a ridge facing the wind. A crew of men walk out in front, or a car is driven ahead, stretching a shock cord—a cable of rubber, one end of which is hooked to the nose of the ship. When the shock cord is stretched sufficiently the tail of the soaring craft is released; a method resembling the principle of the sling shot. The ship runs along the ground and then glides into the air.

The pilot glides out into the area of uprushing air, and without pulling his control stick back to climb, as he would in an airplane, he is carried gently upward with the wind. He can check his ascent at will by nosing downward and can control his direction by ruddering to right or left. He soars back and forth, gaining all the altitude the force of the air current is good for. He sees a cumulus cloud approaching across the valley. He knows there is a strong current of uprushing air under it. He " hops " the cloud by getting under it and flies along with it until it is broken up. Then he tries to catch another one.

There he sits with his " wagon " hitched to a cloud. No roar of an engine in his ears. No odor of burnt gasoline and oil. No vibration to exhaust him nervously. He is perhaps 3,000 feet high. An unusual sense of detachment grips him. The world for the moment is indeed his footstool. He feels relaxed, refreshed by the invigorating experience, thrilled by the knowledge that he really is *flying*.

The thermals weaken as the wind dies or the sun loses its intensity. The pilot sees a hayfield and glides slowly toward it. This is not like a forced landing in an airplane. Gliding down is part of the fun.

Finally the single wheel in the keel brushes through the grass and the ship rolls to a stop, one wing resting gently on the ground. He telephones the ridge, perhaps thirty miles away, and a car with a special trailer picks him up.

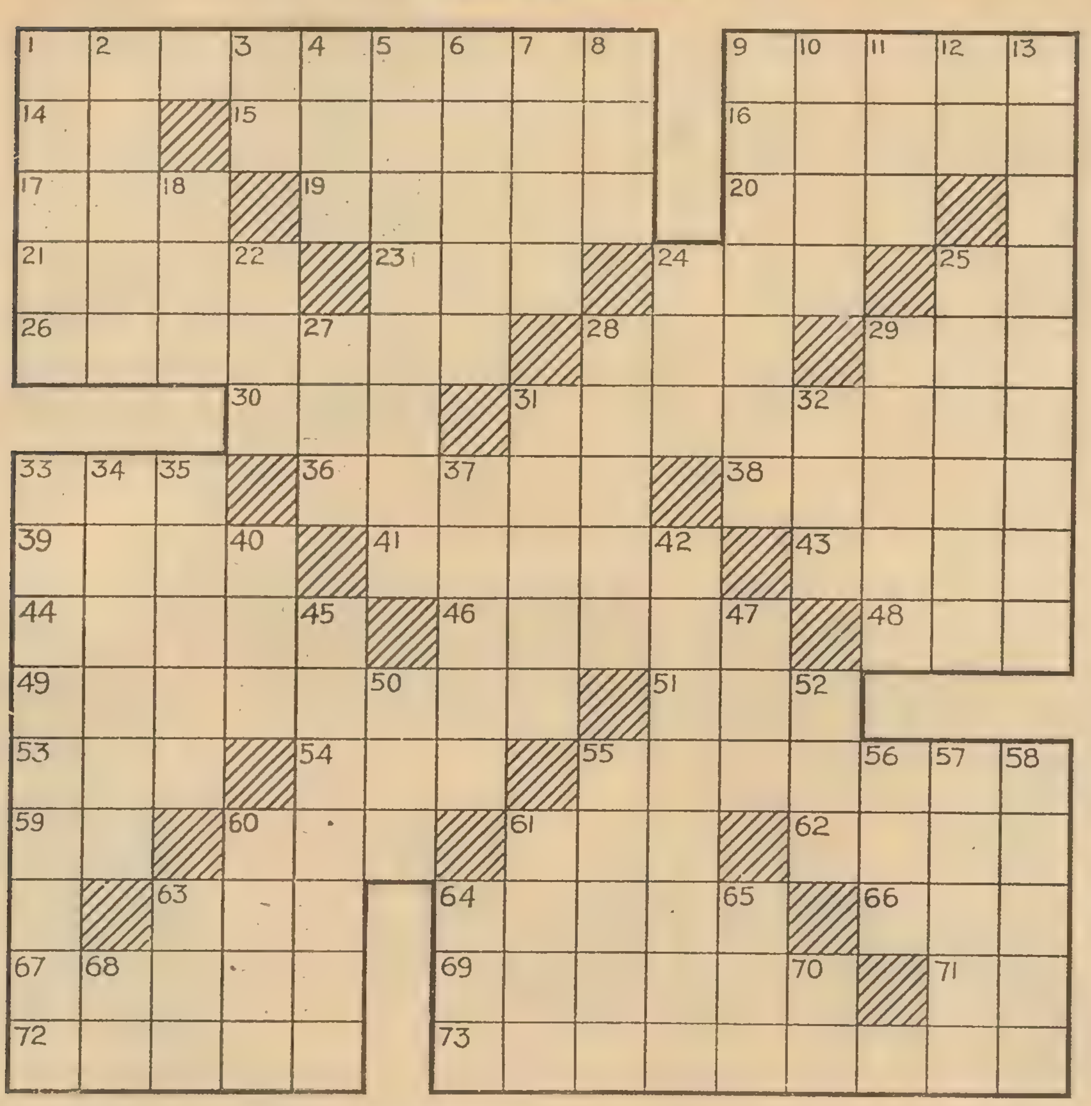
Soaring pilots know their meteorology. That is the key to their success. And it is one of the reasons why soaring pilots—most of whom are airplane pilots too—say every military and air-line pilot should know how to soar as well as to fly a powered plane. Actually, air-line pilots are just beginning to learn the advanced meteorology which the Massachusetts Institute of Technology field station, which serves the soaring contests, has been teaching American soaring pilots for two years.

The extent to which gliding and soaring are gaining ground in this country is indicated by the fact that the United States navy has now bought six Franklin gliders for its big flying school at Pensacola, Florida, and is so interested that the experiment is being intensified.

THE END

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What the three little pigs ended as
9 They try to hold these at colleges all fall
14 Some backward letters for Post Offices
15 Spill the beans
16 A grubby business
17 An explosive fellow
19 Your father's father's grandson's brother's son (colloq.)
20 Germans put this between God and us
21 Surface coverer
23 Born in France
24 Believe it or not, this is almost obsolete
25 A pink elephant
26 This is what he gained at college
28 Passionate Wrestlers Association (abbr.)
29 A short word from a rabid rooter
30 What 'Arry never gives up
31 This thrives in low places along muddy waters
33 Guppy Collectors' Dementia (abbr.)
36 There seems to be a mistake here
38 Upper circle that shining lights travel in
39 A wet fall
41 These are followed around by heels
43 A roast for the French
44 Set in
46 Hair getter intoers
48 Toupee Snatchers Corps (abbr.)
49 Governs like a certain Nazi man
51 This is full of waves, flyers, and germs
53 Those in the driver's seat
54 Liver-oil factory
55 Appendixes

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 DAMP INANE ATOM
ERROR CODER BARED
RANEE IMAGE AGATE
APE■SINE■ACTS■TAN
SEEMING■OTTO■PELT
   ADD■CHESTER
ABASE■SAID■ARIOSE
NOBS■NERO■SLAMMED
ERA■PATS■NOEL■ERG
ANSWERS■FIND■OGEE
REHEAR■TANG■CLASS
   PLACATE■TAI
KEPT■TANS■CAROTID
EVE■PERT■TALC■ANA
PATIO PATER ASKED
IDEAS ERASE SEERS
 ERNE TARTS SENT
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

59 Pertaining to
60 No kidding, this is the limit
61 Many persons start triplets this way
62 This is always grand at the Paris expositions
63 What you do till the doctor comes
64 Very Frenchy gent's name
66 This bird's a cuckoo
67 If this is a mother of pearl who's her father?
69 French dames
71 What most people do on the green
72 This is often bum and gets you nowhere
73 Brain factory

VERTICAL

1 Sack
2 The soprano was a scream in this
3 The Big Stick
4 A big striker in London
5 These have a comeback for everything and refuse to let you get away with murder
6 This was installed to avoid bank breakages
7 A ritzy wash
8 Underhanded
9 This'll tie you in knots
10 Famous Egyptian cow girl whose father was a Nut
11 Crank case
12 That is—well—you see—
13 Phony
18 — *Tag*
22 Fuss
24 'Fess
25 These swing at sea
27 Follow suit
28 Skins
29 This fellow's mechanically inclined
31 Denizens of the underworld
32 The three Rs
33 These wear stripes all fall and come out in green in the spring
34 Dawg
35 Records that can be broken
37 All tied up
40 This kind of work is national
42 Large things with small colleges attached
45 He went after big things at college
47 Man's nickname
50 Baby rattler
52 This is what others think of you
55 Best smeller
56 National Republican Annoyance (abbr.)
57 This is wild about Australia but leads a dog's life
58 Mathematical bromide
60 Dad in the horsy set
61 Hard dough
63 This ruins kings and queens
64 Mr. Hoover's NRA (abbr.)
65 Man's nickname
68 This protects 'Arry's weak end
70 The chip's blockhead (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

■ YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT your child to take a whole bucket of maple sap to get the concentrated good of maple syrup . . . THEN WHY force him to take bulky liquid cod liver oil when there is a much better, thoroughly pleasant way—White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets?

Tests prove conclusively that the

HEALTH-PROMOTING VITAMINS A AND D

of a teaspoonful of cod liver oil have been concentrated into each of these candy-like tablets

The seal of the American Medical Association (Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry) bears witness to this fact.

No more struggles over cod liver oil—no more messy, sticky bottles and spoons! For patient scientists have finally found the way to concentrate all the precious vitamins A and D of cod liver oil into little pleasant tablets—without the nauseating fatty acids which are so often upsetting.

White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are so easy to take—*anywhere, at any time.* Each tablet has an assured vitamin potency. It is an accurate dose—equivalent in vitamins A and D to a teaspoonful of oil. Each tablet is protected against light, air and the destructive effects of time.

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White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

A MYSTERY NOVEL
OF A
BLONDE TERROR
by

WALTON GREEN

Dangerous Woman

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

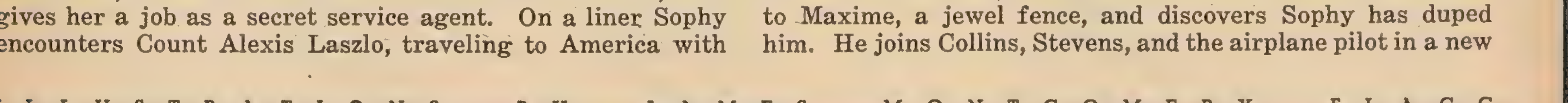
SOPHY KOLOFF, a clever international crook known as "the baroness," is on the spot. She has betrayed the underworld, and it is out to get her.

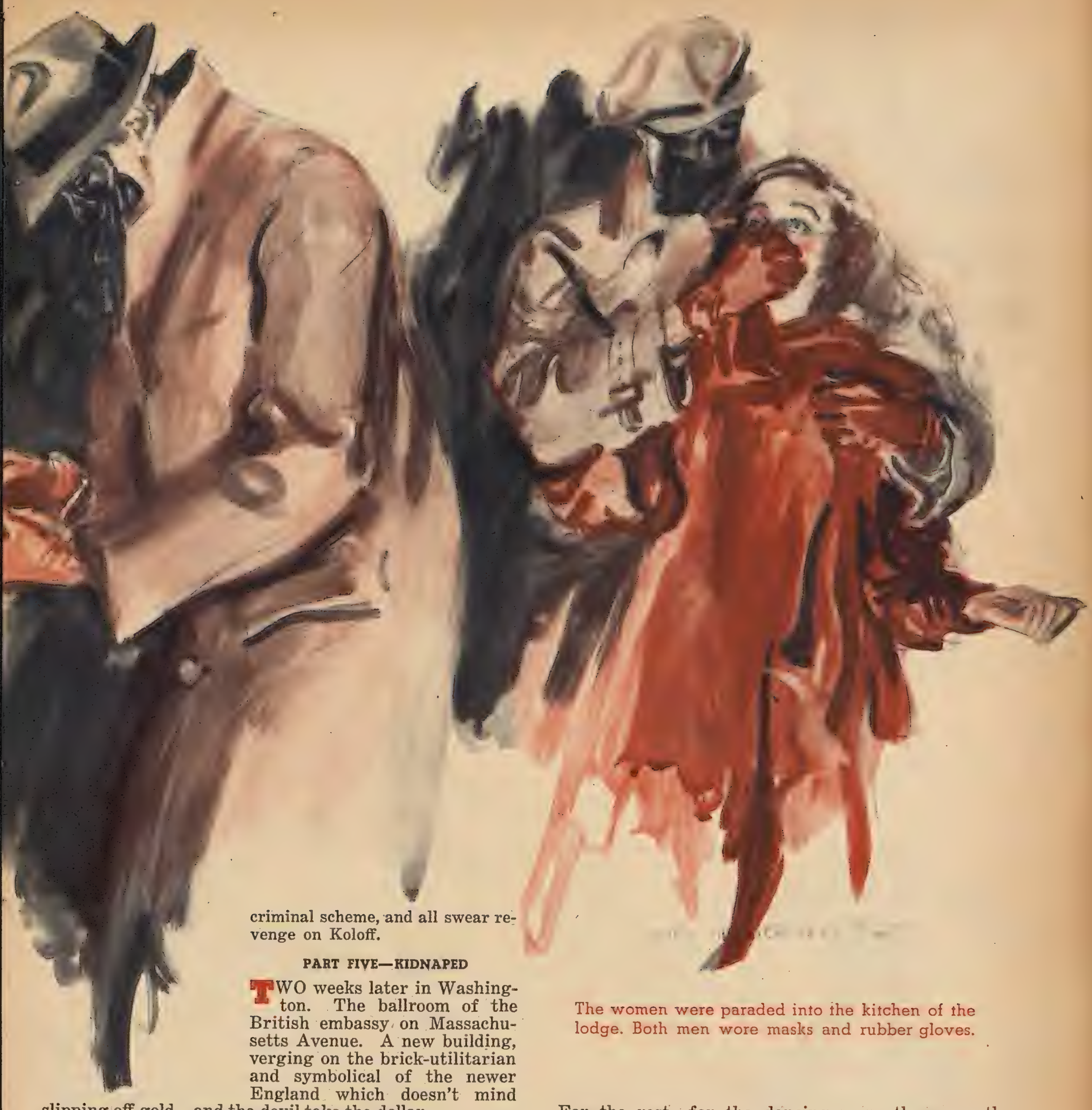
Trouble first looms for Sophy when she determines to go straight. She has met Charles "Chub" Hopping, improvident scion of a fine family, who falls in love with her; also Alison Hawks, wife of John Hawks, a rich reformed crook. Alison's standing in society has created in Sophy a desire to lead that kind of life from now on.

Though broke, she rejects Police Captain Durgin's offer that she join a mob of diamond smugglers. Alison takes her to a house party at the Washington home of Susan Budlong, a rich widow with twin daughters; and there she meets Arthur Merriman, United States Commissioner of Narcotics, who gives her a job as a secret service agent. On a liner Sophy encounters Count Alexis Laszlo, traveling to America with Prince de Musat. She also exposes John "Lefty" Collins and Joseph "Gooseneck" Stevens when they try to smuggle in narcotics by airplane from the boat. To cover her identity, Merriman has her arrested along with Collins and Stevens, and the count thinks she is a smuggler too.

Back at the Budlong home de Musat and Laszlo sell the widow the famous Jildac Rose necklace. Then Sophy detects the count substituting a paste replica for it, and that night restores the real necklace to Mrs. Budlong's wall safe and returns the imitation to Laszlo's room while he sleeps. Hopping sees her and believes she has lied to him and is still a thief. In New York, Laszlo tries to sell the imitation necklace to Maxime, a jewel fence, and discovers Sophy has duped him. He joins Collins, Stevens, and the airplane pilot in a new

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG





The women were paraded into the kitchen of the lodge. Both men wore masks and rubber gloves.

criminal scheme, and all swear revenge on Koloff.

PART FIVE—KIDNAPED

TWO weeks later in Washington. The ballroom of the British embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. A new building, verging on the brick-utilitarian and symbolical of the newer England which doesn't mind slipping off gold—and the devil take the dollar.

The crowd in the ballroom is about as well culled as may be in Washington. There is a sprinkling of gold-plate dowagers to supply background, and a handful of young smart-tribe matrons who have borne a child or two and are beginning to feel their oats again. Also, of course, the cream of the last débutante crop—tired and eager girls, and not too much shopworn as yet; and the post-débutantes—rather more shopworn.

For the rest—for the dancing men—there are the young-gentlemen careerists of our State Department, with their clothes from Bond Street and their fiscal sympathies from Threadneedle. Then there are the secretaries and attachés of the embassy—some of them bearing names that are great in England, conscientiously democratic and hail-fellow in their manner, some others of them with colliery-town names, not nearly so democratic in their bearing.

DECORATIONS BY M. E. SHERWOOD

Special

THANKSGIVING COCKTAIL

This is the first Thanksgiving since repeal. To make your holiday brighter, happier and more friendly, I suggest this special new cocktail — made with the favorite gin of Liberty readers . . Old Mr. Boston.

THANKSGIVING SPECIAL

1 dash Lemon Juice
1-3 Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar
1-3 French Vermouth
1-3 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Stir well in ice and strain. Add a cherry.

OLD MR. BOSTON
Dry Gin
OLD MR. BOSTON
1 PINT
90 PROOF
Distilled Dry Gin
"as smooth as old brandy"
Ben Burk Inc.
BOSTON MASS.
"as smooth as old brandy"

Among the gold-plate dowagers moved Susan Budlong, vague and sprightly as ever, more careless of word and manner than the most professional patrician among her hosts. With her was the Baroness Koloff—house guest at Locust Hall again. The Budlong twins, Helen and Ellen, were there too—but off on their own devices as usual. They were nearly two years out, and getting past the eager age. In any case, they had money. They were good sorts, the Hellian twins.

The Baroness Koloff was dancing with Captain Sir Arthur Runcival. Presently another man cut in from the stag line, and Sophy found herself being danced off by Count Alexis Laszlo. She had known he was in Washington, but so far she had managed to avoid him. Now she danced in silence, noncommittal and aloof. It was best to let him make the running.

"I thought you were in New York," he began easily.

"I came back. I have been several days with Mrs. Budlong. Alison—Mrs. Hawks, you know—is coming up from Aiken tomorrow."

As a matter of fact Sophy had been sent for by Commissioner Merriman. Lefty Collins, it seems, had jumped his bail and was now a fugitive. But why Laszlo was again in Washington Sophy could not make out. Unless something had miscarried in his necklace negotiations with Maxime.

"What are you doing back here yourself?" she finally asked. "Did you send your friend with the imported antiques to the man I told you?"

"I went myself," was his bland reply. "It seems the market is rather dead and there may be several weeks' delay. I'm on my way to Florida to meet up with de Musat."

"Oh," said Sophy.

She had taken the precaution to telephone Maxime before leaving New York, and had been told that he had stalled Laszlo and kept the necklace as they had arranged. So that was O. K. But Sophy hoped her reasons for being in Washington didn't sound as thin to Laszlo as his did to her. It almost seemed as if he were not troubling to invent more plausible reasons.

SOPHY disengaged herself as they completed the turn of the room. The physical contact of dancing with him was distasteful. He followed her into the hall and maneuvered her to a vacant sofa.

"You know, my girl, you really intrigue me. I can't quite make out your racket. According to the rules, even of your curious American justice, you ought to be behind the bars somewhere—instead of mixing in this—ah—sort of company." He waved vaguely and comprehensively.

"Oh," murmured Sophy abstractedly. She was bored, but her containment showed nothing. It was with relief that she finally caught sight of Mrs. Budlong bearing down upon them and all set to go home.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, my dear," said Susan. "I can't find the twins. But they've their own car and I suppose they'll come home for breakfast anyway. Wouldn't you like to come home now? It's long after twelve."

"Yes indeed," said Sophy, rising.

Count Alex stood up too, and shook hands firmly with Mrs. Budlong. Susan shook back, so to speak, with the amiably mechanized detachment of a President of the United States. It was obvious that she didn't remember Laszlo from Adam.

"The Jildac is gorgeous tonight—quite gorgeous," he drawled.

Susan fingered the stone at her throat and stared at him—groping in her memory. Sophy watched, highly amused.

"Oh, but of course!" said Susan with sudden inspiration. "It's *so* nice to see you again, prince. But I thought you were in Florida."

"The prince *is* in Florida, Mrs. Budlong. My name is Alexis Laszlo. I had the pleasure of spending some time at your house a couple of weeks ago." Laszlo was nettled, not without cause.

"To be sure," murmured Susan. "It was so nice—we must have you again soon. Come, baroness. Good night, count."

WHEN the two women came downstairs with their cloaks on, Laszlo was waiting to help them to their car. He took the call ticket from Susan and gave it to the doorman, and made himself generally and fussily superfluous. When Susan's shabby old Daimler whizzed up, he held the door and bowed them in with an extravagance that seemed tinged with mockery.

Sophy couldn't make him out this evening. His manner, halfway between the fulsome respectfulness of the steamer voyage and the insolent companion-in-crime atmosphere of their last meeting, disquieted her, precisely because it had lost its threatening tone.

"I don't think I like your friend," remarked Susan as they turned down Wisconsin and headed for Georgetown.

"That's the last thing in the world that man is," returned Sophy with energy. "And you'd better look out for him from now on, Mrs. Budlong. I don't like his being back in Washington—he must have something up his sleeve. When he went to New York I thought you were rid of him—or I'd have told you long ago—"

She hesitated. As a matter of fact, the only reason she hadn't told Susan, and the only reason Merriman hadn't told Susan, about the theft of the necklace was a sort of detective's instinct on both their parts, analogous to the doctor's instinct to withhold even harmless information from fool patients—a detective's reluctance to let the victim know what's going on until the criminal is definitely landed.

"You'd have told me what?" asked

Susan, with the unashamed yawn of the homeward-bound dowager.

"That Laszlo's a thief. He stole your necklace back from you and left you a paste one. Alison Hawks knows all about it. This is how it was." She gave a brief account of the theft and her own benevolent burglarizing.

"Oh," said the widow Budlong, "how very amusing. But it's all so mixing. Nowadays one never knows just which side of the fence people are on—if you know what I mean? And Alison has told me that you used to be quite a wonderful—er—wonderful—"

"Thief," supplied Sophy tonelessly.

"Well—er—something like that. Tell me, my dear—I don't want to pry into your personal affairs, but are you still—that is—well—"

Sophy laughed outright.

"No—I've stopped," she said soberly enough.

"That's nice." Susan yawned again. "Oh—I didn't quite follow all you said, but—is this necklace I have on now the paste one?"

Sophy laughed again.

"Certainly not. I told you I put the real one back in your wall safe."

"Oh," said Susan comfortably. "Well, here we are at the lodge. I suppose the gates are locked and we'll have to wake up poor Anderson."

THE Daimler stopped before the tall iron gates, and Edward, the fat black chauffeur and the son of Susan's fat black butler, sounded his horn. No answer. After a wait he sounded it again. Then he got heavily down and waddled to the gates. Evidently Anderson, who lived by himself in the little stone house, had left them ajar, for Edward pushed them open and swung them to the far side of the driveway. As he walked back with the free end of the second gate, and came into the shadow of the lodge, he was for an instant lost to the glare of the headlights. In that instant, and while in the act of lighting a cigarette, Sophy heard Edward grunt.

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Susan. "He's so fat he hates to lean over to hook the gate back— Oh!—*please* don't do that!"

This last because a snub-nosed shotgun barrel had been pushed into Susan's stomach. Koloff, in the light of her cigarette match, saw a like pair of barrels trained through the window on her side. Recognizing the professional touch, she kept silent.

"Get out backward—both of you—and walk quiet into the stone house," came the low command. "Don't yell or nothing—or we'll kill you."

The women were paraded into the kitchen of the lodge and faced to the wall in a corner beside the electric stove. The shades of the two windows had been pulled down and a heavy plaid steamer rug was tacked over each one. One small wall fixture gave light.

On the floor in another corner, also facing the wall, sat James Anderson, the head herdsman and gatekeeper. James sat grotesquely, with his knees

"Somebody should tell his wife"

HE'S developed a serious "dining-out" habit lately. Looks like a plain case of home-menu trouble. Somebody should tell his wife about that big, red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup that's his constant companion at restaurants. Then she'd realize that men are notoriously fond of Heinz Ketchup poured thickly over steaks, chops, roasts and other meats. She would discover, too, that this luscious condiment makes even the simplest foods delicious and inviting.

Heinz Ketchup is made of special Heinz-bred tomatoes, tenderly nurtured in Heinz greenhouses and transferred to the fields at growing time. Hand-picked at the height of their sun-ripened plumpness, they are simmered down into rich, finely seasoned ketchup within a few hours. You get the rich, full flavor of tomatoes ripened under the August sun.

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THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!

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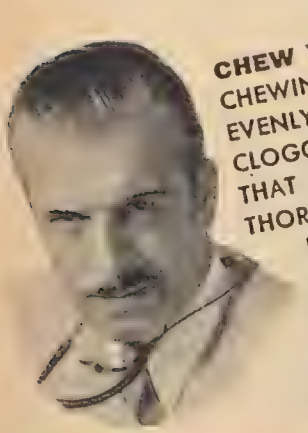
Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—sold at any druggist's.



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FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

drawn up to his chest and his arms outstretched—in the attitude of an oarsman at the full reach just before his sweep catches the water. He sat that way because a broom handle was pushed under his doubled-up knees and over his flexed arms. His wrists were handcuffed in front of his shins. The handcuffs were chained to a radiator. James could hear what was going on—but that was all. His eyelids were tightly taped down from forehead to cheek bones. And he was constrained to withhold comment on the proceedings by the fact that his mouth held a golf ball—also secured by adhesive.

One of the men stood guard over the women. The other had dropped back as they entered the house. He reappeared almost immediately, pushing Edward, the chauffeur, in front of him with a shotgun. Four inches of woolly scalp flapped over his right ear and bled copiously down his face and neck. The Negro's eyes were fixed round and white with terror. In forty seconds more he was gagged and trussed up in a third corner, and definitely out of the picture.

The second man turned to the women. Both men wore molded cloth masks with full chin bibs and their hands were incased in rubber gloves. The last comer drew two more pairs of handcuffs from his pocket. He locked Koloff's wrists in front of her. He thrust Mrs. Budlong's right arm through Sophy's left and then handcuffed her wrists together.

Mrs. Budlong was beginning to feel annoyed.

"I suppose this is a holdup, my dear," she remarked conversationally; "but I never saw such idiotic melodrama. Why can't they—"

"Keep yer trap closed, lady"—a rubber-gloved hand on her mouth emphasized the command—"'less you want to get hurt."

"Oh, pooh!" said Susan, but subsided.

THE man stepped back to the electric stove. Two of the burners directly under the warming shelf were turned on. A dozen strips of adhesive, cut in convenient lengths, were suspended from the edge of the shelf and overhung the gentle heat of the stove-top—very sticky and ready for business. Half of the strips had thick pads of gauze adhering to their centers.

"You can turn around now, ladies. I got to tape you up for a spell. But it won't hurt none, and it won't be for long."

In less than two minutes both women were securely gagged and blindfolded. Mrs. Budlong objected to the golf-ball gag:

"I've got a cold. I can't breathe through my nose."

The leader frowned, placed a rubber-cased finger over each nostril in turn.

"Breathe out," he ordered. "Hum—guess you have, at that. Well—I'll leave it open at both corners of yer mouth."

He made the adjustment with care and some gentleness. Then he fell back and surveyed the room.

He took from his pocket an envelope and tucked it conspicuously in the sugar bowl in the middle of the kitchen table. He turned off the light. Then he jerked the steamer rugs from the windows and picked up his shotgun.

"All out!" he commanded.

He followed his prisoners as they were led from the house. The motor of the Daimler was still running. The other man, in Edward's chauffeur coat and cap, took the driver's seat outside. The women were bundled in.

"Kneel on the floor and put your arms and heads on the seat," the leader directed quietly. "Move over—I gotta sit here too."

HE reached for the cigar lighter that was fitted alongside the card-case and drew it to the full length of the cord. In a few seconds it glowed red. He pressed it to the sable collar of Mrs. Budlong's evening coat.

"Smell that?" he demanded. "Well—that's your own cigarette lighter, and you better keep your heads down till we get outer the city—see?"

He threw one of the steamer rugs over his own lap and over the women's heads and shoulders.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Susan Budlong's very well known and smartly antiquated Daimler was rolling sedately and unhurriedly out Wisconsin Avenue again; out past Friendship, past Edgemere, and through Bethesda on the Rockville Pike. And then, with no cars in sight, the lights were turned off, the motor stopped, and the Daimler was coasted smartly down a long hill—finally to turn sharp right off the highway and to coast silently down a hundred yards of wood road which ran to an inclosed piece of meadow land flanking the upper reaches of Rock Creek.

The Daimler drifted to a stop in the woods. The women were helped out and led a few rods through the underbrush. They could not see the meadow when they came upon it. They felt themselves pushed stumbling up some short steps. They felt cold metal under their hands as they grasped at support. They felt their handcuffs being unlocked and then locked again after they had been pushed into huge coats. They felt steamer rugs being tucked around them with almost ironical care. Then they heard the ear-splitting explosions of the unmuffled engine, felt heavy bumps beneath them—bumps quickly lessening in severity and frequency—then the smooth motionless glide and the biting rush of wind on their bandaged faces as the plane took the air. . . .

It was shortly before noon the following morning. A council of war was in session in the library of Locust Hall. Present were the Budlong twins, Commissioner Merriman, Chief Operative Judson Kendrick of the Department of Justice, and Mr. Runyan

Peters, president of the Wycomic Trust and financial adviser to Mrs. Budlong. The doors were closed and the air was thick with tobacco smoke. Every one was grave—except the twins. Arthur Merriman was summing up:

"So it boils down to this. They were grabbed at the gate and carried off, presumably in Mrs. Budlong's own car, a little after one o'clock last night. We don't know if it was one man or a dozen, or whether they had other cars or not."

"No other tire marks but the Daimler—and the young ladies' runabout—show in the driveway," supplied Kendrick.

"Exactly," agreed Merriman. "Neither the lodgekeeper nor the chauffeur ever saw their assailants. Anderson was choked from behind with a bag over his head as he sat reading at the kitchen table. He doesn't remember what time it was, but he thinks he was tied up fully an hour before the ladies were brought in. Edward, the chauffeur, swears the last thing he remembers was stooping down to hook back the gate. The next he knew he was being pushed into the kitchen with a gun in his back. He saw a masked man guarding the ladies.

"SO we have nothing to go on. No one saw any one, no one cried out—and if they had they wouldn't have been heard a quarter of a mile up here from the gates. The twins drove through the open gates at a quarter after three. There was nothing unusual in the gates being open, because Mrs. Budlong habitually left them open when she expected the twins to come home soon after she did. They left their car in front of the house and went to bed."

"Of course we may get some fingerprints," offered the D. J. man. "We'll have something soon from the men I have working down at the lodge. Just now the only place we have to start from is the car. I turned in a general alarm before I left the office. The car will be easy to locate—there aren't a dozen like it in the country."

"You're telling *me?*" asked Helen with scathing inelegance. "It's the most disgraceful old wreck in Washington."

Mr. Runyan Peters and the D. J. man looked shocked. Arthur Merriman chuckled.

"The Daimler will be found just outside of Washington," stated the government man with decision. Being chief of the recently organized kidnaping section, and being completely in the dark and undecided, it was incumbent upon him to speak with decision. "They only need it for their city get-away. When we find the Daimler we'll work from there."

Mr. Peters, the man of business, who had listened for the most part in silence, now spoke up:

"Will you please read that ransom note again?"

Commissioner Merriman picked up the note that had been found in the

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When baby has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep, but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

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Use MISTOL DROPS for your children... they'll like it.

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Drops

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sugar bowl. He fingered the paper speculatively.

"It's a featherweight onionskin carbon—very thin and light and tough." He held it up to the light. "Made by the Acme Mills. That tell you anything, Kendrick?"

The D. J. man shook his head.

"No. I'll send it over to the government printing office this afternoon for a microscopic. But so far as I know you can buy that paper in most any stationery store in the country."

"Fingerprints?" suggested Mr. Peters.

"Had it aluminum-dusted and photographed before it left the kitchen table," said Kendrick shortly. "Anything that shows under the microscope will be checked in our fingerprint files, and if it's any recorded criminal in the United States we'll know it by four o'clock this afternoon. But it isn't likely—because the birds that are smart enough to think out the stuff in that letter wouldn't be dumb enough to handle the paper without gloves on."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters. "Well—how about the typing? Any help there?"

Kendrick glanced casually at the letter.

"Underrand portable number five. New machine—new keys. Hundreds of thousands of 'em. Not a prayer, I'm afraid."

"Well," said the banker testily, "read it again, please."

The detective lifted the sheet and read:

> "Price for old lady two hundred thousand. Answer tonight eight thirty sharp over WHIM. No bargaining. Say, "Locust Hall speaking," and answer yes or no. You will get next instructions by pigeon tomorrow morning."

Kendrick laid down the letter and took a cigar from his pocket.

"GENTLEMEN, we're up against the slickest mob I've seen in this snatching racket. They've taken the best of the old stuff and improved on it. The pigeon stunt has been used before, but only the other way around—that's to say, by the kidnapers leaving their own homing pigeons with the victim's family to send notes or money by. That nut we cracked recently by using a squad of pursuit planes to follow the pigeons. You see—excepting for the chance identification of marked money weeks and maybe months later—you've got just three ways of trailing a mob. One is by finding and following the means they used for getting themselves and the victim away. The second is by tracing back their communications to you. And the third is by following your communications to them or their go-betweens."

"Exactly," nodded Merriman. "We could follow pigeons that we sent to them, but we can't follow Mrs. Budlong's birds coming home. Girls—how many did they take from the dovecot?"

Ellen answered: "The gardener says there are eleven missing, including five of mother's imported Belgian racers. And two portable pigeon crates."

"You see? And we can't follow our communications to the kidnapers, because we can't follow the radio impulses into about ten million receiving sets throughout the United States. No—our best chance is to pick up the car. Girls, if it wasn't for your mother and—er—the baroness, I'd call this an infernally pretty piece of work."

HELEN lighted a cigarette.

"I call it perfectly gorgeous anyway. I'm not in the least worried about mother. She's probably having the time of her life. If I were a kidnaper I would think twice before I took mother. Before they get through they may find themselves paying her money to go home."

Merriman's blue eyes were dancing.

"I shouldn't wonder. By the way, what clothes did they have on?"

"Low-neck, of course," said Ellen. "And some sort of light coats or capes, I suppose. I didn't notice. But if you're thinking about their freezing in some open car, you needn't worry. If she got cold she'd wheedle the very trousers off a man. You don't know mother!"

"Which is just as well, perhaps," remarked Merriman, with a speculative glance at his own well cased legs.

Mr. Runyan Peters frowned with disapproval. He was a banker and he could not countenance levity concerning people of great wealth. He coughed severely.

"May I ask, then, what it is proposed to do?"

"Oh, bail out the old girl, I suppose," said Ellen.

"Yes," chimed Helen. "She's a sweet old thing. And, seriously, I suppose we ought to get her home. Just the same, I'll bet she's having a swell time—and with something to talk about for the rest of her life instead of elephant shooting in British East."

The other twin turned to the banker.

"Can you scare up the cash, Mr. Peters?" she demanded.

"It's highly irregular. But of course—the circumstances—rather unusual. I have a power of attorney from your mother. And with an order from you young ladies—in writing, of course—to protect me, you understand. But in any event I do not approve of capitulating at the very outset and paying the full sum demanded. I believe we should tentatively offer—only tentatively, you understand—no more than half what they ask."

"The note says 'no bargaining,'" suggested Helen.

"They always say that," Kendrick interrupted. "Just like they warn not to inform the police. But they expect you to bargain, and they know you can't keep the police or the papers out for long. There's no danger to your mother—at first anyway."

"No," agreed the commissioner; "there's no danger at the outset. And besides, if you crash through with the whole at once they'll think you're easy and probably double the demand. Look at what they did in the Burchill case. No—offer 'em half and stall a bit while we get busy."

"I approve," said the banker crisply.

"All right," said Helen. "Then El and I will go down tonight and talk over the radio. Can you fix that up with the broadcasting company, Mr. Kendrick?"

Kendrick and Commissioner Merriman exchanged glances. Kendrick frowned.

"I'm sorry, ladies. It's the government's policy to oppose any payments of ransom. We have no federal or state laws against it yet, and we can't prevent the family doing what it wants. But we can't and won't help on that end—except, of course, where it connects up with our efforts at apprehension, which we shall prosecute as vigorously as the safety of the victims will permit. Further than that—"

"Hear! Hear!" murmured Helen. "Well, I suppose we'll have to do it on our own."

Merriman nodded.

"Mr. Kendrick has stated the administration's policy correctly," he said with becoming gravity but looking straight at the nearest twin. "And I think, twins, that you will have to go down by yourselves to WHIM, on the tenth floor of the Mobile Building on F Street, and ask for Mr. Henry Camp, the manager, in room 1032, and tell him I said I couldn't for a moment think of asking him to let you have three minutes at exactly eight thirty tonight and whenever else you may need it. It will cost you a few hundred dollars, I expect."

"Reasonable and necessary expenditures I am prepared to authorize," said Mr. Runyan Peters.

"How nice of you," Helen remarked sweetly.

"Very thoughtful," said Ellen.

There was a knock at the door. Merriman opened it and spoke to the servant who had knocked. He turned back to the room and addressed the twins:

"Mrs. Hawks is here, girls. Better talk it over with her. And telephone me or Mr. Kendrick the moment anything turns up."

"I'm leaving a man out here—if the young ladies don't mind," said Kendrick. "He's to relay messages between all of us and to answer the unlisted phone."

"But we have no unlisted telephone," objected El.

"You will have—in another couple of hours. They've been working on the hook-up since ten o'clock. This is a slick mob we're up against and we don't want any tapping."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Helen brightly. "It's as good as the movies!"

KENDRICK looked sulky. Mr. Peters spoke up:

"One thing more, please. How about the papers? Can you keep it out?"

"We won't give it to 'em. But we can't keep it from them—not for long, anyway," answered the D. J. man. "Well—I expect that's all for now, isn't it, Mr. Merriman?"

Merriman nodded. The conference broke up. Out in the hall Merriman dropped back.

"I want to have a word with Mrs. Hawks," he explained.

Half an hour later Alison Hawks, who had not yet taken off her traveling hat, climbed into Merriman's car with him and drove into town. He dropped her at a drug store where there was a public pay station.

"Very well," he said. "I guess you're right about getting young Hopping. May I leave it to you to locate him?"

"Yes."

"And, for heaven's sake, keep those twins in hand. They're keen as mustard, of course, but the whole thing's a picnic to them. Well—so long."

Mrs. Hawks entered the drug store and put through a call to the Dunderhead Club in New York. The Dunderhead Club is efficient. If a member wants to be found, they can easily locate him within the hour, whether he's playing squash at the Racquet Club or shooting tigers in India. If he doesn't want to be found, not even his wife—or perhaps especially his wife—can break through the magnificent barrier of ignorance and imbecility which only a well trained club servant can erect. Mr. Charles Hopping, Jr., arrived at Locust Hall in time for breakfast the next morning.

Hopping looked thin and older. Otherwise he seemed the same. He talked as much as ever and with the same smoothly sardonic and almost deprecatory tone that was habitual to him. Only a person who knew him well, as Alison Hawks did, could have detected beneath the easy flow of cynicism a new and unhappy and very real hardness.

Half of Chub's mournful girdings at life his friends had been accustomed to discount as mere *tours de force.* In his life Chub Hopping had often complained—and seldom suffered. But he was suffering now, making heavy weather of his disillusionment at the hands of Sophy Koloff.

ALISON watched him covertly during breakfast.

"Poor dear!" she thought. "He's taking it hard. I'd like to wring that girl's neck. After breakfast I'll tell him. All bets are off now." But aloud she only said:

"How's the tobacco thing coming along, Chub?"

"Grand," said Hopping without enthusiasm. "It seems I'm the white hope of cigarette advertising."

"Advertising!" exclaimed El. "I thought it was some fancy package you had."

"Oh, *that.*" Hopping waved it gloomily and grandly aside. "Sure—they bought that for a substantial sum, of course. But my principal connection hereafter with Amalgamated Tobacco will be in the capacity of consulting advertising psychologist. At a very—er—gratifying annual retainer, you will understand."

"Oh," said Hel, "then you're not bust any more?"

"Sure I'm bust. I've been bust all my life. Only now I've got a decent income again to be bust on. Well, let's go out where I can smoke a pipe"—he indicated the presence of the servants—"and hear the details of this business."

They adjourned to the terrace and sat on the steps that led down to the first sheep pasture. Chub was told everything that had happened. The twins had broadcast their answer the night before in these words:

"*This is Locust Hall speaking. We can't possibly raise the full amount demanded. If we can pay half, what assurance have we that goods will be delivered in good and serviceable condition?*"

"That was my idea about the 'goods in serviceable condition,'" said twin El complacently. "The people in the studio thought it was awful."

"Huh!" snorted her sister. "Can't you just see mother's hackles rise if she'd heard it!"

"Very happily phrased, I'm sure," said Hopping with gravity. "And what answer did the dove of peace bring this morning?"

Alison broke in impatiently:

"Acknowledged the radio message and repeated the two hundred thousand demand. Gave us sixty hours to change our minds. Now, girls—beat it, please. I want to talk to Hopping alone."

The twins beat it. Alison lighted a cigarette and turned to Hopping.

"Now, Chub, listen to me—and don't interrupt till I'm through. Here's the time to use that criminal mind of yours that you're always boasting of. I sent for you because I think you can find Sophy Koloff, whether the police can find Susan or not. I can't yet see why they took Sophy, and neither can Merriman. They could have tied her up along with Edward and Anderson just as well as not. Merriman's only hunch—and we haven't said a word to the twins—is that the narcotic smugglers on the steamer, who've jumped their bail, by the way, are making a big clean-up on Sue and at the same time revenging themselves on Sophy. Because Sophy—"

"Scarcely likely, in the light of what we know of Sophy Koloff," said Hopping in a hard tone.

"—because Sophy ran them down and arrested them.

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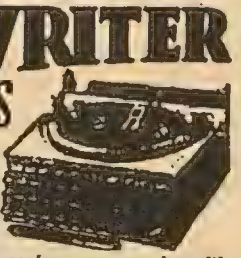

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Sophy Koloff has been a narcotic agent under Arthur Merriman ever since the first time she visited Susan Budlong over six months ago."

"Indeed? And why didn't I know that?" he asked casually—casually even for Hopping.

Alison stared at him—perplexed at his indifference. She could not know that in Chub's tortured mind the memory of Sophy creeping noiselessly back to her room on that ghastly night a thousandfold outweighed any other fact of her life. Sophy had said no word to Alison of the encounter with Hopping.

"But," said Alison blankly, "don't you understand? Sophy is as straight as a string, and always has been. Like a fool, I gave her my word not to tell you, though I've known from the first. She was testing you, or rather she deliberately wanted to repel you"—Alison was rushing ahead incoherently—"to repel you because she thought you were getting too fond of her—"

"I was."

"—for your own good. Don't you see? Oh, you fool, Chub—and her too—she, I mean. Oh, I don't know what I mean! But I'm so mad with the pair of you I could spit. You off sulking in your tent, and Sophy being splendid and noble and hiding it—catching that cad Laszlo when he stole Sue's necklace, and then stealing it back from his room at night, and trying—"

"What's that?" asked Hopping in a queer voice. "Say that again, please—slowly."

Alison said it again, slowly and more or less coherently. He listened very quietly, for him, and without comment. But his face went white and then quickly red again. When she had finished, he stood up. His cheeks had lost their gauntness.

His eyes had a far-away stare of exaltation and pride.

"Alison," he said hoarsely, "I don't know whether to tear your heart out—or kiss you! I think I'll begin by kissing you."

He took her by the shoulders and kissed her solidly on the mouth.

"You poor damn' fool," snorted Alison, not at all displeased. "And will you get busy now—what?"

THE twins came bounding down the terrace in time to see Hopping release Alison.

"Unhand that woman!" shrilled Ellen. "And just listen to this, you two. All the reporters in the world are up at the house—and we haven't said a word to them because we promised Mr. Merriman not—and they've got the whole story anyway—and another big broadcasting company has offered us two thousand dollars a night if we'll talk over their hook-up."

"Well—you've got to answer over WHIM, you know," said Alison Hawks.

"Sure. Hel's going to talk over WHIM for two thousand and I'm going to talk the same message over the other one for another two thousand. If mother will only stay away till Christmas—"

"My God!" groaned Alison. "They're fiends—not girls."

"I don't care what they are," exulted Hopping. "Twins, I want you to drive me into town this very moment. Come along."

"Sure thing, old pal," chorused the twins.

Money may be able to buy safety and freedom for Sue Budlong. But the underworld wants only revenge on Sophy Koloff. Can Chub Hopping, inspired now by his renewed love for the beautiful blonde "baroness," save her? Or can she, knowing the ways of criminals so well, outwit her captors single-handed? Don't miss the sensational kidnap hunt in next week's installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—In 1707, on the union of Scotland with England and Wales.

2—Latin word *episcopus*—overseer.

3—Sir John A. Macdonald served July 1, 1867, to June 6, 1891, except between November 7, 1873, and October 16, 1878.

4—Samuel Johnson.

5—A Soviet-Russian farmer whose "means of production" is $700 or more.

6—The great French-Canadian prima donna who took the name Albani when she made her début at Albany, New York.

7—A coarse brocaded or figured fabric of silk and wool or cotton, used for tapestry and upholstery and sometimes for dresses.

8—Pb, from the Latin *plumbum*, lead.

9—George Gordon Noel.

10—Rideau Hall, Ottawa, Ontario.

11—Karl Ernst von Baer, 1792-1876, the famous Russian naturalist.

12—The finest India silk.

13—The science of man in general.

14—August 13; a legal holiday in the Philippines commemorating the capitulation of Manila to the American troops in 1898.

15—In Toronto a monument to the American General Zebulon Pike and his troops who fell at the taking of York (Toronto) in 1813 and also to the British soldiers who died in its defense.

16—William Shakespeare in Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 1.

17—A cockroach in Spanish.

18—An effect is the result or product of some efficient cause or agency. An affect is a mental state or condition.

19—From cotton and nitric and sulphuric acids.

20—A metallic steel-gray to silver-white gold or silver telluride.

GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

IN presenting the seventh group of reproductions in the Educational Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty hopes that all of its readers who began by identifying the stamps in the first group are still in the game. By this time each of you should have located a number of reference sources that will prove of more than adequate assistance in identifying the remaining stamps of the contest. When you have identified the stamps below in accordance with the rules there will be but three more groups to name before your entry is complete. The goal is nearly in sight! And it is not too early to begin cautioning you to avoid ornate and elaborate presentation of your contest material. Simplicity is best. Save the expense and time of preparing ornamentation that will be discounted in advance.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued, accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling "Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize. No entries will be returned.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THIS IS GROUP NO. 7

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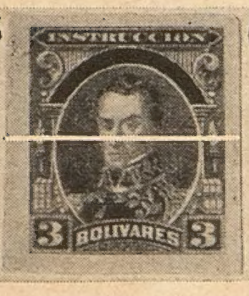

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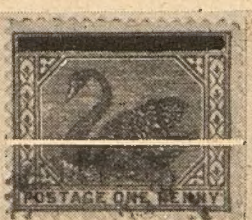

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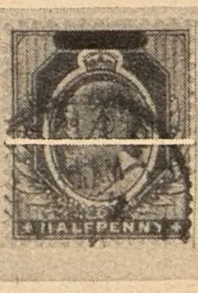

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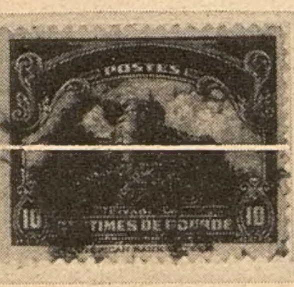

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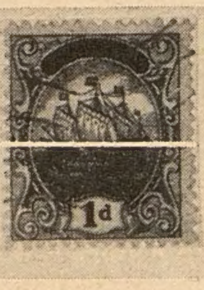

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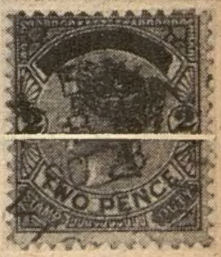

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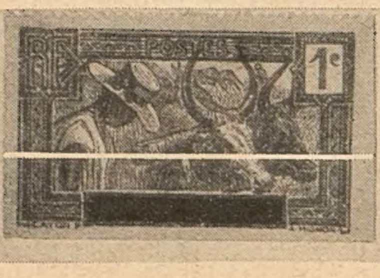

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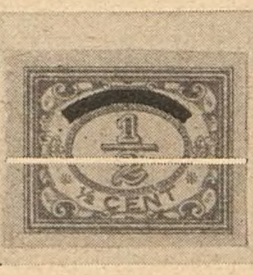

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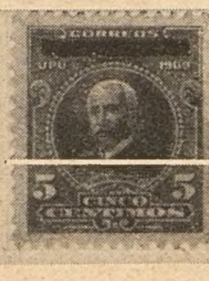

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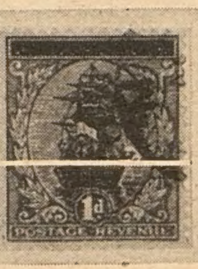

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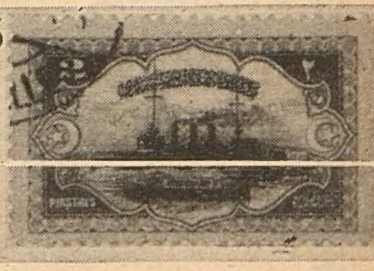

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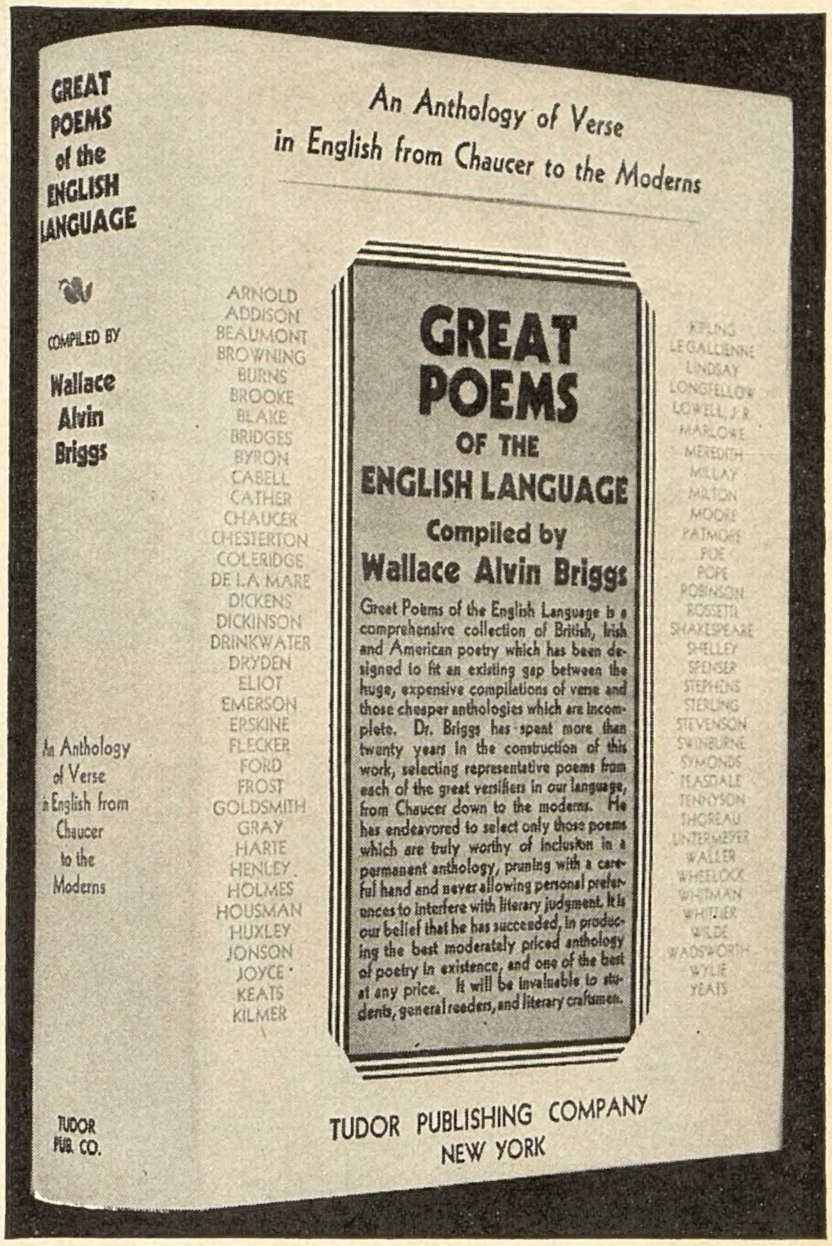

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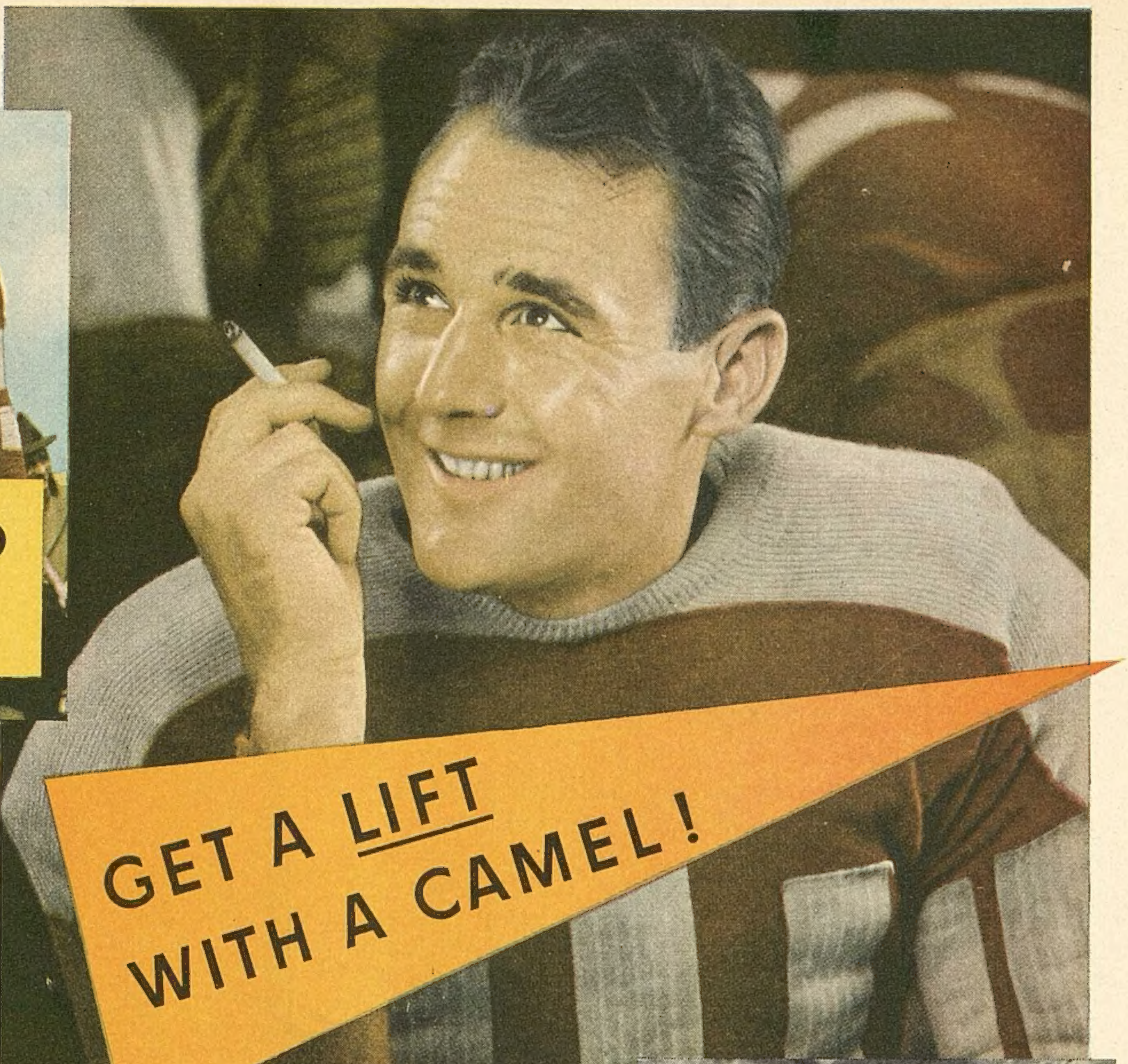
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EXPLORER

Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "I was in Honduras 10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy. I prefer Camel's flavor, too. They never upset my nerves."

AIR HOSTESS

Miss Marian McMichael, R.N., of American Airlines: "When the run is over, my first move is to light a Camel. A Camel quickly relieves any feeling of tiredness—and how *good* it tastes! Camels are delightfully mild."

SPORTS WRITER

Pat Robinson of INS—always on the jump. Of course he gets tired! But —"I find Camels restore my pep," Pat says. "I smoke at least two packs a day, and they never interfere with my nerves."

ALL TOBACCO MEN KNOW...

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

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